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THE final meeting of the League of Nations Council last Saturday created some little stir. The Polish Government had presented a report on the troubles in Upper Silesia, but they presented it at the eleventh hour. Dr. Curtius protested that he was not satisfied, and that he wanted time to study it, and he proposed the adjournment of the matter till next September. This was opposed by Poland and France, but warmly supported by Mr. Henderson, who gave the Polish Government some hard and well-deserved raps over the knuckles. The adjournment was agreed to, and we trust, with Mr. Henderson, that the Poles will in the next three months go on mending their ways with their German minority. The Ukrainians' case is still in the hands of the "Committee of Three" appointed by the League Council, which is apparently putting some pressure on the Polish Government and hoping for a "friendly settlement." If this can be achieved, so much the better, but it will need the closest scrutiny by Mr. Henderson and his colleagues. Until the Warsaw leopard changes its spots, there seems small chance of any fair and lasting settlement in the Ukraine.

* * *

The delays in connection with the second Round Table Conference are greatly to be regretted, but they are plainly unavoidable. It was hoped that the members of the Federal Structure Committee might be ready to sail by the middle of June. That date is out of the question, and in the meantime many other difficulties have been revealed, apart from the doubts concerning Mr. Gandhi. The All-India Moslem Conference has, through its working committee, reaffirmed the full demands that were embodied in the Delhi resolutions at Easter. More than once the Mahatma has intimated that he cannot come to England unless a basis of agreement between Hindus and Moslems has been reached. That is common sense; and so, obviously, is the insistence of the Moslems and other minorities upon the reality of the safeguards laid down by the first Round Table. The Government of India inevitably take the view that the Irwin-Gandhi agreement was based upon an acceptance of the London Conference results. The dominant section of the National Congress would seem to be acting upon a contrary assumption. If Mr. Gandhi is again to visit Simla, his conversations with the Viceroy will turn mainly upon this crucial point. On it depends the issue of peace or war in India.

* * *

With the passing of the special law for the reconstruction of the Austrian Credit-Anstalt, a crisis of the first magnitude has been temporarily averted. The Austrian Credit-Anstalt is the leading financial institute of the Republic. Its ramifications are international. Its collapse would have involved the financial

collapse of Austria herself. International measures were, therefore, necessary to save the situation. These measures have been taken, and once more Austria has gained a respite. The moral, however, is plain to all those who do not wilfully close their eyes. The mortification, which during the last ten years has set in among the Austrian banks, is due to one cause only—the inability of Austria to exist within her present frontiers and within the tariff barriers which have been erected against her, as an independent economic unit. The financial charity that has been dealt out to her may be justified on the grounds that it has postponed a catastrophe during a peculiarly troubled period when the League of Nations was not yet strong enough to enforce a more radical solution of the Austrian problem. As a constructive measure it is and must always be without permanent value. Once this unpleasant fact is recognised, there may be some hope of rational measures for safeguarding the economic future of the Republic. The real tragedy of Austria lies in the fact that her economic difficulties have never been treated on their merits, but have always been submerged in the political jealousies and ambitions of other Powers.

* * *

Recent manifestations in the Moscow press point to an increase of Communist activity in China. The Bolsheviks claim successes in the form of an intensified resistance to the Nanking Government, and both the *Pravda* and the *Izvestia* predict with the usual Bolshevik certainty the final triumph of the Reds in China. These violent assertions of victory need not be taken too seriously. At the same time, they cannot be entirely ignored. The strength of the Chinese Communists is not confined to one area. It is distributed sporadically over the whole country, though how far they are entitled to boast of a following of sixty millions is a matter for surmise. There is, of course, no doubt of their ability to fish in troubled waters, to promote agrarian lawlessness and, in general, to retard the restoration of ordered government. Their appeal to the masses has a strongly nationalist tang. Both the Nanking Government and Chiang Kai-skek, who is denounced as the "Butcher of the Chinese revolution," are represented as the agents of foreign Imperialists, and Bolshevik assistance in money and arms is by no means confined to purely Communist forces. The leaders of the bandit armies are also supported as Red allies. The results to trade are deplorable. If as yet there is no serious threat to Chiang Kai-skek's position, there seems little prospect of stability in China for a long time to come.

* * *

Mr. Hoover has announced that he will not call a special session of Congress to deal with unemployment. This is no surprise, for, after the experience of his first year in office, the President has fully intended that the two Houses should sit only during their statutory terms. Nevertheless he will have to face the facts of an unexampled situation. The unemployment figures of the United States are still rising, and in every State the funds available for relief are nearing exhaustion. All city and county committees, upon which the major part of the burden falls, will be at the end of their resources before the autumn, when presumably the customary expedient of a Red Cross drive will be adopted once more. The strength of the campaign to reduce wages was illustrated at the half-yearly meeting of the Iron and Steel Institute, where Mr. Charles Schwab, who argued for the maintenance of wages scales, was contradicted in the flattest terms by Mr. James Farrell, head of the U.S. Steel Corporation. He asserted that wages were being cut down, that the large buyers were naming their own prices, and some companies were giving their product away. In short, conditions in the American steel industry were "diabolical." Mr. Farrell's word can be applied to many industries besides steel; and Sir Arthur Balfour, speaking as a member of the F.B.I. mission just returned, declared that he saw greater hope in the economic position of Britain than in that of America.

* * *

Mr. Baldwin's speech at Welbeck on Whit Monday was a combination of vagueness and irresponsibility not easy to reconcile with the character of the "plain Englishman" which he claimed once again. The British industrial system, he said, was built up on Protection, and speaking of his agricultural policy he "wanted to assure" industrial Britain that the wheat quota and the guaranteed price would be so worked that there need be no fear of increased food-stuff prices. Why, then, propose them? On the subject of Empire trade Mr. Baldwin wandered into some amazing nonsense. In one passage he declared that the only markets which will open themselves to British products are the markets of the Dominions; in the next he was picturing Canada as "the natural home for factories," a home also for "our skilled industrialists and our skilled workmen." The leader of the Conservative Party ought to acquaint himself with the main points of the Canadian and Australian tariffs; but if that is too much to expect, he might ask for comments on his immigration fantasies from the High Commissioners of the Dominions.

* * *

The Papal Encyclical *Quadragesimo Anno* has fluttered our island dovecotes. You cannot be a good Catholic and a true Socialist, says the Pope. This looks awkward. There is a number of Roman Catholics who are Labour M.P.s, and a still larger number who vote Labour, and Cardinal Bourne himself has given them his sanction. But the Pope is greater than the Cardinal, and naughty Tories are shaking minatory fingers. Happily, however, that clever Jesuit, Father Woodlock, has stepped in to explain. Everything turns on the word "true," he says. There are good and bad kinds of Socialism, as there are of Capitalism, and "true" Socialism is the bad kind—the materialistic Continental kind. This, and not the British Labour Party's kind, is what the Pope denounces. "I feel sure," says Father Woodlock, "that Pope Pius XI. would not regard Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Snowden as 'true' Socialists in their party programme." The Labour Catholics, therefore, will be able to take comfort in the knowledge that they are only pseudo-Socialists. On this point the Bolsheviks are in hearty agreement with the Pope. But we wonder whether

Father Woodlock's explanation will deter British Conservatives from making party capital out of the Encyclical.

* * *

The Wheat Conference in London was expected to "fail"—and it has "failed." That is to say, it has not succeeded in reaching agreement on any method of regulating either world production or exports. The Russians are prepared for regulation of exports, provided that production for the home market is left uncontrolled; but other countries, in which foreign trade is private, cannot regulate exports except by regulating production. The consequence is that the Conference has achieved only the establishment of an international committee with the function of compiling and publishing information. This, however, is a good deal more than nothing; for accurate information about the areas under wheat and other crops can be of considerable value to producers, even without any regulation of either production or prices. At the present stage it was hardly possible to hope for more than this; for until countries have learned to plan their separate national economies there is not much hope for planning on an international scale. As far as the immediate emergency is concerned, the Conference leaves matters just as they were. There are no plans either for getting rid of surplus stocks or for regulating future production or export. But, for a more distant future, the Conference may be a profitable beginning of world co-operation.

* * *

The Co-operative Congress held its annual meeting at Whitsuntide; and the Co-operative Party was also in session, representing for the first time in its history a clear majority of the whole membership of the Co-operative movement. At the Congress, plans were under debate for reorganising the central governing machinery of the movement by replacing the unwieldy Central Board by a more manageable and authoritative body. These plans were referred back for a year, after their sponsors had been accused of trying to establish a "dictatorship." The traditions of local autonomy and representative government are still too strong among co-operators to be easily overthrown. Both the Congress and the Party had under discussion the question of State regulation of imports; but again no decision was reached. Co-operators are torn between their traditional faith in Free Trade as the consumers' best safeguard and their feeling that the producer ought to be ensured a fair price. State control of imports is suggested by the latter feeling; but the co-operators are strong against tariffs, and insist that State control shall not supersede the action of the Co-operative movement as an importer. It is significant that a large body of Co-operative opinion should have moved so far as to contemplate State control of imports in any form; for it is generally regarded as standing for the consumer. But it must not be forgotten that the Co-operative movement is now a very large producer as well, or that, if the consumer benefits by lower prices, bodies like the Co-operative Wholesale Society are feeling the effects of the slump much like private manufacturers or traders.

The I.L.O., which has opened its Conference at Geneva this week, has just published the results of its latest inquiry into the conditions of coal-mining in Europe. These are embodied in a series of tables, which well illustrate the difficulties in the way of fair comparison of such things as wages and labour costs of production on an international basis. For what are we to compare? The cost per worker per day in Belgium is 59 per cent. of the corresponding cost in Great Britain; but the labour cost per ton of coal is 8 per cent. higher in Belgium than here. In the Ruhr, on the other hand, the cost per worker per day is 2 per cent. above the British cost; but the labour cost per ton is 22 per cent. below the British. Hours of labour are even harder to compare, because of the different ways of reckoning the winding times. Social insurances affect the computation of wages and also the comparison of labour costs. The importance of the study lies in its bearing on the proposal to regulate miners' hours—and perhaps wages as well—through an international convention. The attempt to regulate hours failed last year only by a narrow margin; and hopes of success this year ran high. Even the adoption of a convention at Geneva, however, would not help us to solve our immediate problem; for ratification by the leading countries would be bound, to take time, probably a very long time.

* * *

The Irish sweep on the Derby closes with a total subscription of £2,600,000 and prizes aggregating £1,800,000. The authorities, very intelligently, have split up their prize money into 18 "units," with a first prize in each unit of £30,000; the sweep is thus, in effect, an agglomeration of 18 smaller ones. The quite reasonable chance of winning one of these many prizes is more attractive to the average speculator than would be the astronomically remote chance of winning a million pounds. The obvious success of the sweep in attracting money from England, in spite of the well-advertised activities of the police, has stimulated Mr. Clynes to fresh exertions. But is not his zeal misplaced? A law cannot be enforced effectively where the population is mainly indifferent and to a large extent hostile—as witness the Blasphemy and the Sabbath Observance Laws. Mr. Clynes's job is not to provoke an ill-considered antagonism, but to discover, with the aid of a committee or otherwise, how best the law can be brought into line with the realities of the situation.

* * *

The affair of the Whipsnade Zoo on Bank Holiday is worth a passing comment. The completion of this miniature "national park," with its admirably housed fauna, is an event in the history of our recreational facilities, and the contrast between its spaciousness and beauty of setting, and the stuffy make-believe of Regent's Park, cannot fail to strike the imagination. We hope that Whipsnade will be the precursor of similar facilities, planned on not less imaginative lines. Its opening, nevertheless, was marred by a sad fiasco. The new Zoo had received, from the press, the most lavish advance publicity; and this and the fine weather tempted three times as many visitors to Whipsnade as had been prepared for. Supplies of food ran short, the motor-coaches available were insufficient to cope with the traffic from Luton, and, even so, the roads were quite inadequate for the available motor-traffic. The popular press, not unnaturally, gave even more publicity to this catastrophe than had been given to the attractions of the Zoo. The episode thus throws into strong relief both the strength and the weaknesses of the "stunt" journalism of the day.

GERMANY AND THE LEAGUE

THE Council of the League used its influence and its powers last week to good purpose in its handling of a very critical dispute. It has not, indeed, settled the question of the Austro-German Customs Union. It could not do that, and the fact that it could not is no ground for jeering at the impotence of the League—it only points to the necessity of strengthening the machinery of the League and the spirit of the League, without which machinery will be of little avail. The reference of the German and Austrian scheme to The Hague Court is a postponement of the difficulty, which, however the legal point is decided, will have to be faced again a few months hence. But this interval, if only it can be used to instil common sense into the minds of politicians and peoples, may be an invaluable gain.

The present issue between Germany and France is, of course, a symptom of the *malaise* in which we are all involved. Europe is mad—mad with fears and jealousies, with false ideals, with wounded prides and fatuous ambitions—and it will take more than a settlement of the Customs Union problem to empty the lunatic asylum. But settlement of that would be a long step forward. To a dispassionate observer the proposed Zollverein appears on the face of it to be a very sensible attempt to relieve the economic stresses under which the Continent is labouring. It would pull down a tariff wall, and bring into close relations two States which have a natural affinity. M. Benes, the Czecho-slovakian Foreign Minister, argues that it would heighten the tariff wall against his country, and that the only result, from an international point of view, would be the shifting of the strain from one quarter to another. But surely that objection is met if the Customs Union is not exclusive, if Germany and Austria invite others to come in—which apparently they do. Provided that the door is thus really open, there does not seem any essential difference between the German plan and the French thesis of a general scheme with no doors. There may, indeed, be some danger that regional agreements will get no further than hostile groups in place of single States. But is the chance of that greater than the chance of States refusing to come into the general scheme?

In any case, the real opposition to the Austro-German Customs Union is, as everyone knows, political. It is the fear of the *Anschluss*—of the enlargement of Germany by the accretion of Austria—which is forbidden by the Peace treaties. There is no decent moral ground for that prohibition; it is no more defensible than would be the attempt to keep Norway and Sweden apart, should they wish to reunite. There are both Germans and Austrians who do not favour the *Anschluss;* but they are minorities, and they can hardly claim—indeed, they do not claim—the intervention of foreigners in their domestic affairs. Nor can the prohibition of the *Anschluss* really be justified on grounds of expediency. Sooner or later, it is certain, Germany and Austria will unite. Why not sooner? It may be that this moment is not the right moment for it, and it is pretty clear that Berlin and Vienna were unwise in the way they arranged and announced their Customs Union plan. But their opponents have shown no more wisdom in the attitude which they have taken up. Their curses and threats have only served to exacerbate German public opinion, to make the task of men of moderation and good will more difficult, to bring grist to the Nazi mill.

And now we are faced with counter-threats on Germany's side. She will leave the League, we are told, if The Hague Court gives an adverse judgment on her case. That would obviously be a disaster for Europe. But would it do Germany any good? She may not be getting all she wants in the League; but it is difficult to see what she could expect to get outside it. The reduction of armaments which she is naturally insistent on is deplorably slow in coming. But what would the prospects be if she were to shake the dust of Geneva off her feet? No one can be in doubt about what France would say—and do. There would be more armaments, not less. Nor could the Germans hope for any settlement of their grievances against Poland, if they left the League. They could, in fact, hope for nothing except trouble at home and abroad, which possibly the Bolsheviks might turn to their own advantage. We trust, then, that Germany will see, before it is too late, the folly of playing with this boomerang.

The Germans, however, are not the only people who are talking foolishly. The French, it has been hinted, and more than hinted, are prepared to outwit The Hague Court if the judgment goes against them. What can they think to gain in the long run—or indeed in the short run—by high-handed action in defiance of international law (for that, in effect, is what the attempt to prevent the Zollverein on non-legal grounds would be)? And not only the French, but all the members of the League, are showing a sad want of common sense in making light of Germany's complaints, in giving her if not stones, at least only crumbs, when she asks for bread. Germany, as we have said, is better off inside the League than she would be outside it. But we certainly do not think that the League does her full justice. It is not surprising that a great number of Germans—and those not merely Nazis and Communists—complain that they are continually fobbed off with empty professions of good will and exhortations to patience, that any effort at " self-determination " on Germany's part is stifled at Geneva. Occasionally she gets a trifle of comfort, such as Mr. Henderson gave her last week, when he supported Dr. Curtius against Poland. But in the main it is " jam yesterday, jam to-morrow, but never jam to-day." It is an intolerable position for Germany, and lamentable for the League. The suppression of Germany thwarts or retards every effort for international settlement or pacification.

Is it not time that we ceased using the Treaty of Versailles as a sort of combined Bible and thumbscrew? Twelve years have given ample opportunity for seeing the injustices and blunders that were committed at the Paris Peace Conference. It is impossible to prolong these for another twelve years, and it is foolish to try to prolong them for half or a quarter of that time. A revision of the treaties—an honest attempt even to modify some of their worst features—would have a

powerful effect in Germany and in the other countries which were punished with her. We hear laughter in Paris and Rome, and Prague and Warsaw, at this suggestion! But it is not the laughter of men with easy consciences, or of wise men. No one can be easy in his conscience when he looks at the army on this side of the Rhine and on that, at what has been done in Upper Silesia and the Ukraine and the Tirol. And no one but an imbecile could pretend that the perilous internal condition of Germany, or the bankruptcy of Austria, are not grave liabilities for Europe. There may be risks in revising the instruments of 1929; there are greater risks in leaving them alone. We wish that all the statesmen who direct the fortunes of the League of Nations would do some fresh and serious thinking on this matter between now and next September.

THE AUSTRALIAN LABOUR PARTIES

[BY A CORRESPONDENT.]

THE present position in Australian politics may be suggested by imagining what would have happened if Australian democracy, instead of exaggerating the disciplines and rigidity of the British party system, had adopted the more picturesque, disorderly, and flexible system of the French Chamber. Under such a system Mr. Scullin would now be serving in a government of the Right Centre, or, alternatively, he would be interpellating from the Left a Government which had escaped towards the Right, taking some of his colleagues with it. In either event, Australia would ere this have been in the hands of a Conservative Government. For, both in Australia and in France, politicians of the Left fall naturally into two groups—the irreconcilables, who regard all government (under the existing social system) as capitalistic tyranny, and the practical men, whose longing for a new social system is weaker than their instinct to maintain the stability of the existing one. In France, the flexibility of group politics enables the practical men to satisfy their instinct for government by cutting themselves adrift from their irreconcilable neighbours; it is for this reason that every radical victory at the elections (even an overwhelming one) inaugurates a long process by which power gradually passes, through a series of ministerial catastrophes, towards the Right.

France has thus combined extreme party instability with great governmental stability. Australia, on the other hand, has emphasised party strength at the expense of governmental strength. The practical men find it difficult to escape from the irreconcilables, because both are bound together by an organisation strong enough to break the politician's career. The same organisation contains men of opposed philosophies and conflicting interests. Within the Australian Labour Party there is only one method by which these opposed temperaments may achieve freedom of action. They must break the Labour "machine."

It is a terrible thing for a Labour politician to set himself against the machine. In the first place, the chances are that his rebellion will fail; instead of breaking the machine he will be broken by it: instead of a "split" there will be a "purge." The rebel is gambling with his career, and the odds are against him. Moreover, he is breaking an ingrained habit of obedience, violating a solemn pledge, renouncing old comrades and loyalties. Nothing but the most intense conviction, the most insistent necessity, will drive him to mutiny. He will go to the most extreme lengths in seeking a compromise. And he can justify his self-effacement on practical grounds, as well as on ideal ones. In normal times the habit of compromise makes for steady politics. But in times of emergency, when resolute action is essential, the struggle for compromise is apt to produce, not a policy, but a never-ending conflict of policies. And the explosion within the machine is likely in the end to be more ruinous, because it has been so long postponed.

In times of prosperity the running fight between Labour politicians and Labour irreconcilables is usually decided in favour of the former. In times of distress, this tendency is reversed. In the Trade Unions and the political branches on which the Labour organisation is built there is awareness of suffering, capacity for enthusiasm, and ignorance of government. The rank and file of the movement becomes impatient of temporising; it is swept away by the "militants" who demand startling remedies for exceptional evils. Conferences and committees send their instructions to caucus, and caucus gives orders to the Ministry. "The party will must prevail. The party is elected by the people and the Ministry is chosen by the party." The Ministry may believe that the decisions of caucus are ill-advised, and caucus may believe that the instructions which come from the outside bosses are impracticable. "The party will" must nevertheless prevail—at least in appearance. Compromise now leads from the Right towards the Left; the practical men of the party attempt to buy off the enthusiasts by doling out concessions. But what if the enthusiasts refuse to be bought off? The Right of the party follows the Left in order to keep the front of the movement unbroken. But what if the Left moves still further left, and at a pace too hot for its conciliatory pursuers?

The last six months of Australian history have posed all these prickly questions, and the answer to them is now becoming clear. In the middle of last year, the Right wing of the Australian Labour Party, led by Mr. Fenton and Mr. Lyons, controlled the Commonwealth Government. That Government had pledged itself to carry out, in co-operation with the State Governments, a plan of financial rehabilitation not dissimilar to the Brüning programme in Germany. The plan is known as the Melbourne Agreement, and it embodies the counsels of Sir Otto Niemeyer, which the Labour Government had sought. Labour Governments in two of the States proceeded to put the plan into operation. The Commonwealth Government, however, found an obstacle in the Commonwealth caucus. The Government had accepted the plan; caucus had not, and "the party will must prevail." The party, however, had no will; it had only a conflict of wills, and the conflict was fought out in October in the New South Wales elections. The New South Wales branch of the Australian Labour Party opposed the Melbourne Agreement, and the electors overwhelmingly approved this opposition. The caucus of the Commonwealth Parliament at once scurried to the left, in pursuit of Mr. Lang and his New South Wales stalwarts. It went so far as to demand suspension of interest payments on the Commonwealth's internal borrowings. Here arose the first open conflict; the Left had gone farther and faster than the Right would follow, and Mr. Lyons defied caucus. This defiance ended for a time in compromise; caucus permitted Mr. Lyons to float a conversion loan in Australia, and Mr. Lyons quietly dropped the Melbourne Agreement. Party unity remained nominally unbroken. There was a truce of the factions, pending the return of the Prime Minister from England.

Mr. Scullin came home announcing that, while he was Prime Minister, he *would* be Prime Minister. He had forgotten that "the party will must prevail," and he had not

anticipated such a leftward drift of the party will as had occurred during his absence in England. He soon found that nothing but a sharp move to the left could keep the party front unbroken. His angry masters asked him to declare himself; was he for the bloodsuckers, or against them? Mr. Lyons, who had carried out his policy, was, it seemed, for them. But New South Wales was against them, and the New South Wales faction appeared to be predominant in the Commonwealth caucus. A few months previously, during the October elections, Mr. Theodore had been in high favour with the New South Wales faction. Mr. Scullin, therefore, surrendered himself to Mr. Theodore, in the hope of mollifying Mr. Lang.

Mr. Lang was not mollified. In October of 1930 he had declared himself an inflationist; in February of 1931 he was ready to declare himself a repudiationist. That declaration ruined the old game of compromise. It was politically possible (and perhaps desirable) to pursue an inflationist Mr. Lang; it was politically impossible to pursue a repudiationist Mr. Lang. The personal enmity of Mr. Theodore and Mr. Lang flared up as one of the most arresting episodes in the Australian drama. Mr. Lang had opened a chasm which the practical men of the Australian Labour Party could not and would not leap. Had Mr. Scullin been a free agent, he might perhaps have retreated from this precipice towards the solid ground of economic orthodoxy. But, in his vain pursuit of Mr. Lang, he had surrendered himself to Mr. Theodore, and in surrendering himself to Mr. Theodore he had renounced Mr. Lyons. A decree of the executive of the Australian Labour Party condemned to expulsion from the party any member who should abstain from voting in a critical division of the Commonwealth Parliament. Mr. Lyons could no more vote for Mr. Theodore's financial proposals than he could vote for Mr. Lang's. With five followers, he exiled himself from the party. The creation of this new group made it hopeless for the Labour Government to feel its way back towards the support of the unattached middle-class vote which has so often put Labour Governments in power. The Labour Party, in driving out Mr. Lyons, had blocked its line of retreat. It could move neither backwards nor forwards. It was now cut off both from the passion and from the moderation which have been its two springs of strength.

It is tragic that such a loyal devotion to party should be so scurvily rewarded. The country was in danger, and the practical men tried to save the party; the country will be saved, and the party is ruined. Mr. Lyons is attacking Mr. Theodore and Mr. Theodore is attacking Mr. Lang; Mr. Scullin is refused the right to speak in Mr. Lang's territory, and Mr. Lang's friends are refused admission to Mr. Scullin's caucus. There has been both a " purge " and a " split." When the Right wing was driven out, the party's organisation remained unbroken; but the quarrel of Left and Centre has become a war of machines—the federal machine against the New South Wales machine. There remains only one miserable link between Mr. Scullin and Mr. Lang. Mr. Scullin's Government, attacked by its natural enemies and by those who were, three months ago, its most valiant defenders, is still kept in power by the votes of four Lang-like repudiators, of whom two are expelled Ministers of the Scullin Cabinet.

The irreconcilables, freed from the galling bonds which tied them to the moderates, can continue their riotous progress towards the Left. But will they ever reach their goal? Behind Mr. Lang stands Mr. Garden, secretary of the Sydney Trades and Labour Council, and chief of the Pan-Pacific Secretariat, a red organisation which links Sydney and Moscow. To the frightened bourgeois mind, nothing could be more extreme than Mr. Garden. Sydney's Communists think otherwise; not long ago they crowded an open-air meeting organised by Mr. Garden, and shouted him down. Mr. Lyons could not move far enough nor fast enough to the left, and neither could Mr. Theodore. Will the pace become too hot even for Mr. Lang and Mr. Garden? The speculation is an entertaining one; but it is not very important. For there is one peculiarity about this race to the left—the faster its pace grows, the fewer runners remain in the field. A few Communists lead the race—a hopeless one, for Australian democracy has not trained its citizens for revolution. Mr. Lang puffs behind the Communists; his laboured breathing is that of a bourgeois. Mr. Theodore has given up the pursuit of Mr. Lang. The nation lags behind with Mr. Lyons.

Adelaide. W. K. H.

FREE SPEECH IN CHILDHOOD

I WAS brought up on the great Liberal watchwords, of which freedom of speech was one of the chief. But, like all the other liberties of the Victorian age, there was a catch in it. Adults were to have freedom of speech, but only after they had listened for twenty-one years to all their elders saying " Hush! Hush! " whenever they opened their lips. The result was what is called liberty without licence, i.e., liberty without knowing how to use it. Our age has not the capacity for compromise that belonged to the age of our grandfathers. Most people have ceased to believe in free speech, while those who continue to believe in it, of whom I am one, believe that it is good even for children.

At Beacon Hill School, on the South Downs, my wife and I are putting into practice our theories of education. We are now at the end of the fourth year, and are beginning to be in a position to say something of results. The children in our school are not completely free, as some newspaper reports have represented them as being, but they do have complete freedom of speech. No child is ever told " You ought not to *say* that." I have met people who imagined that they practised this policy, but in general they deceived themselves. Almost everybody has a theory as to what children are like, and is displeased when childen say things tending to disprove this theory. And although we can all remember despising our own parents and teachers, we like to think that the young whose parents and teachers we are have an attitude totally unlike that which we had in youth. It is thought also that while freedom of speech, in general, is all very well, it must, of course, be subject to the limitations imposed by good taste. At Beacon Hill School such limitations are not imposed. There is no check upon irreverence towards elders and betters, and no check upon scientific curiosity, and no check upon the choice of words.

The advantages of this system are numerous. In the first place, it is more or less possible, within limits, to know what the children are thinking. The technique of psychoanalysis has been invented to undo the effects of the " Hush! Hush! " policy by teaching people to say what hitherto they have only thought. We think it is rather a mistake to give people an expensive education in concealment resulting in nervous disorders, and then give them an expensive re-education to break down the concealment and possibly cure the nervous disorders. When children are left free as regards their language, they say from time to time such things as Freudian text-books assert that they must be thinking, but being able to express their thoughts freely, they are not obliged to give them some fantastic form and become to that extent out of touch with reality.

I regard a robust sense of reality as a very valuable possession. Children are, to begin with, ignorant, but full of scien-

tific curiosity. The purpose of conventional education is to leave them still ignorant, but to destroy their scientific curiosity. For this there are various motives, political, religious and moral, but all of them have their source in a deep-seated fear of reality. The orthodox view seems to be that God made the world, and that it is so horrid we had better know as little about it as possible. For my part, I accept neither premise nor conclusion in this argument. By the mere tolerance of free speech we avoid destroying the natural scientific impulses of children, so that their minds remain alert and their emotions sane.

I am often asked: "What will happen to your children when they are brought into contact with the real world?" People have an idea that we are creating an artificial paradise from which they will emerge to find, to their surprise, that the world contains evils. I consider, on the contrary, that this is the usual practice in education, and that our peculiarity consists in not presenting a fairy-tale world to the child's imagination. In ordinary education the child is brought up to believe, or at least to pretend to believe, that his parents and teachers are impeccable, that his country is always right, that statesmen of his own country and political party are invariably high-minded, that the wicked are easily discerned and invariably defeated in the end, and that only persons of rare depravity such as one is very unlikely to meet would be guilty of any sexual irregularity. Captains of industry, proprietors of great newspapers, admirals, generals, Privy Councillors, and such, are represented as invariably guided by the loftiest public spirit. When the young man goes out into the world and begins to see through all these amiable falsehoods, he almost inevitably becomes a cynic. Cynicism is the price we pay for a fantastic ethic. Children brought up with a sense of reality will not have to suffer this shock.

From a narrowly educational point of view the effects of free speech are amazingly good, not only as regards the scientific outlook, but also in literary ways.

To begin with the scientific aspect. The absence of the sex taboo is much more important than is generally thought, especially, I think, for girls. Most boys who have a scientific bent are interested primarily in machines, where the sex taboo is no hindrance. Thus mechanical sciences can flourish, while others cannot. We find accordingly that civilisations dominated by the machine are an outcome of Puritanism. Girls, however, if they have a scientific bent, tend as a rule to be biological in their interests. The teaching of biology is rendered very difficult by the sex taboo. Anatomy and physiology as presented in books designed for children always stop short at a certain point. The children perceive this, and conclude that the matters omitted are not suitable for scientific treatment; they think about them all the more, but fantastically, not rationally. The fantastic ideas that they acquire in childhood sink gradually into the unconscious, whence they dominate adult behaviour, making it the ridiculous and irrational absurdity that it generally is. And in this process the scientific interests of intelligent girls are blocked. If later on they study, say, medicine, they have to overcome inhibitions, which they can do only with the intellect, not with the feelings. A doctor's understanding of a patient's body ought to be effected not only by the brain but also by the viscera. As a rule, however, the viscera and the brain have become disconnected as a result of early taboos.

As regards literature, the children's diction is exact and expressive; their emotions clothe themselves spontaneously in appropriate language, and they do not acquire that bookishness which is the bane of artificial culture. They produce poems which are suggested by the ordinary sights and events of their everyday life, and not by imitation of some poet who imitated some poet who imitated some poet who imitated Homer. The only respect in which they imitate Homer is that most of their poems are produced not by a single author, but by a syndicate. The same thing applies to plays. Each term they compose a play in which, broadly speaking, each actor invents his or her own part, though other children may on occasion contribute suggestions. They make their own costumes, and in general put in a few songs for which they compose the music. Each play alternates between comedy and high tragedy. They used to insist upon everybody dying at the end, but now they are generally content with one murder. In poetry, however, they are much more serious. Some poems are individual, but more frequently they sit round in a group and all contribute, though the subject may be suggested by one among them. The oldest among them is just eleven, but he is not a great contributor to the poems. In fact the two best poets are only seven years old. This aspect of their work is best illustrated by examples. One day, in the course of a walk, they came upon a ruined farmhouse which they examined with great interest. On returning home they produced the following poem.

THE DESERTED FARMHOUSE.

Over the hills in a valley to the East,
Lies a ruin of a farmhouse where the fires have ceased,
The glitter on the barn-top
Makes it seem alive,
But only feathered pheasants hop
Where chickens used to thrive.

There is an ancient donkey-well,
But the donkey is not there;
Years ago the slates all fell
And left the roof quite bare.

The house was built of Sussex stone,
Its roof was tiled with red,
But now a ruin, all alone,
It crumbles down instead.

Its wooden beams are rotten now,
Of grass and earth the floor.
In dirty shed the rusty plough
Stands useless by the door.

There used to be chattering people,
There used to be flocks and herds,
But now the fields are empty,
Except for the rabbits and birds.

On another occasion they came upon a churchyard, which stimulated a more fantastic type of imagination.

IN THE GRAVEYARD.

Sitting on a gravestone
I saw an old crone,
Counting yew berries
And shrivelled up cherries,
Weaving nettles
And tearing petals.

"Have you seen my husband
Wandering around,
Ghost from the graveyard
Out of the ground?"
I answered: "No, crone,
Nothing I've seen
Except one shin-bone
With flesh between."

Up rose the moon high;
Three shadows danced by:
One was her husband,
One was her child,
One was her love-bird
Weird and wild.

She threw
Cherries at her husband,
Berries at her child,
And a little shirt of nettles
For her love-bird wild.

I could give many more examples, but these two ought to suffice to dispel the idea that a scientific attitude is inimical

to the imagination. I firmly believe that our methods enable a child to acquire knowledge without losing the joy of life and to become scientific without ceasing to be spontaneous. I hoped that this might be the case when we founded the school, and my hopes are now confirmed by nearly four years' experience. BERTRAND RUSSELL.

IS THERE ROOM?

THERE are, it is said, two hundred thousand foreign visitors coming to England this summer. Strange to say, this is generally regarded as good news. No voice, even in the camp of the anti-dumpers, has been raised in protest against this dumping of humanity on coasts that, during the holiday season, are already overcrowded. Men who would put the country into a turmoil in order to keep out a pound of Czechoslovakian sugar see no peril in the intrusion of a thousand living Czechoslovakians into the congested boarding-houses of Margate. Even the Empire Crusader is prepared to welcome a French or German tourist with scarcely less heartiness than if he were a visitor from the Fiji Islands. And, in the result, we may find England, that has so successfully repelled the foreign visitor since the days of William the Conqueror, converted into a vast playground for idle and inquisitive Europeans.

Until comparatively recently, England had an enormous genius for isolation. Realising that the only means of making holidays enjoyable in her bays and villages was to have them visited by as few people as possible, she spread through the world a legend of mists and foul weather sufficient to daunt every prospective foreign holiday-maker unless he were of the type that explores jungles and takes a positive pleasure in marching knee-deep in mud for a week at a time. She also conceived the brilliant idea of establishing a multitude of hotels in which the charges were made as high as possible and the food as bad and as monotonous as possible. As if this were not enough, she skilfully propagated the myth of the English Sunday, conveying such a picture of killjoy gloom that the ordinary foreigner would naturally have preferred to spend the day in prison. As moths are attracted to the flame, however, so are many human beings attracted to horrors, and, in spite of all that was done, more and more foreigners made their way to English shores. The English did their best to scare them off by publishing long and sensational accounts of desperate Channel crossings, each worse than the previous one, and the mildest of them reminiscent of the weather that scattered the Spanish Armada; but still the foreigners came. Then, taking advantage of the war, England played her master stroke. She altered the licensing laws in such a fashion that no foreigner could possibly know at what hour he was permitted to drink outside his hotel, so that at present it is illegal to drink beer in the Strand at an hour at which it is legal to drink it in Fleet Street, and illegal to call for a bottle of cider on the north side of Oxford Street at a time at which it would be legal to order a bottle of port on the south side of the same street. It was thought that by this means every foreigner who was not an absolute teetotaller—and few foreigners were supposed to be teetotallers—would be so exasperated by his despairing and continually thwarted search for drink during his first visit that he would return home, determined never to visit such a land of unreason again, and to warn his friends and relations against spending their holidays in a country that went dry and wet by turns during the afternoon in obedience to a crazy clock.

These steps, it should be said, were not taken because of any particular malice against foreigners. The root of the trouble was that the most beautiful parts of England were already overcrowded during the holidays by the English themselves. Every year a charming beach that middle-aged men could remember as a blissful solitude in summer would be encroached upon by yet another row of bathing-tents, and invaded by yet thicker locust-swarms of children. Every year narrow country lanes that once wound their way through the week in a continual Sabbath dream of idleness resounded with the roar of an extra charabanc. Every year, hills on which an Englishman could once sit and gaze for hours at a landscape uninfested by another visitor, were overspread with a deeper carpet of litter and made hideous with the most hideous of all noises—the conversation and laughter of other people enjoying themselves in the same retired spot as oneself. The cry went up that England was being spoiled. No sooner did any foolish man reveal in writing or in speech with his praises the name of some beautiful spot that was still unspoiled by trippers than a host of trippers immediately proceeded to spoil it. Authors wrote for pay books and articles on unknown England, and charabancs rushed to the scene, with a megaphonist to explain the beauties of the unknown to the occupants. How many middle-aged men can return to-day to what was once their favourite retreat in England without seeing signs of the desolation wrought by other people? Other people's motor-cars, other people's bungalows—is there a single English county free from them? If there is, do not let even your dearest friend know, or it will not be free for long.

In view of these facts, it can scarcely be said that, in attempting to keep out the foreign visitor, the English were guilty of a merely anti-foreign bias. The ordinary Englishman was just as eager to warn off other Englishmen from his ideal resort as to warn off foreigners. In the little uninhabited bay in which he and his family had enjoyed the peace of August after August, he regarded every other human being, whether English or alien, as an intruder. Hence the great English plan for driving as many as possible of the English themselves abroad. Vast organisations were created for sending English men and women on tours all over the Continent. The glories of the Swiss mountains, the wonders of the Italian lakes, the blue of the Mediterranean, the long sands of Le Touquet, were painted in such colours as to make Torquay appear but a slum, and Gloucestershire no more than a back-garden by comparison. The Englishman was also lured abroad by tales of foreign cooking that would have made the mouth even of a dyspeptic water. And so docile is the Englishman that, when he obediently went abroad and was served with the worst meal that the worst cook in Dieppe could invent out of a diseased imagination, he would turn enthusiastically to his wife and say that he had always said that the French were the most wonderful cooks on earth. As for the wine, a bottle of claret that he would have poured down the sink in England would throw him into ecstasies in France. He would say to his wife that he had always said that you had to go to France to taste French wine at its best. I am not suggesting that French cooking and French wine are, when good, anything less than incomparable. But I have seen English men and women enjoying bad food and bad wine in a French hotel with as much gusto as if they had been supping with the gods in Paradise. This, I think, is a beneficent illusion and should be kept up. Otherwise, how can Clacton and Skegness be saved from being overcrowded? Every method should be considered legitimate by which holiday-makers can be enticed away from the English holiday resorts during the summer months. I do not write as a curmudgeon, but I like to have a beach to myself and a few friends, and, unless the great majority of holiday-makers go abroad in the summer, there are not enough beaches in England, or in

these islands indeed, to go round the multitude of people who share my tastes. Hence, if I had time, I would write a series of books called *Unknown France*, *Unknown Italy*, *Unknown Germany*, and so forth, pointing out to the solitude-seeking Englishmen the delights of Nice and Winereux and Naples and the Rhine. The ideal English summer for the holiday-maker would be a summer in which the great tourist organisations would export nine-tenths of the inhabitants of England to the Continent.

The economists, I realise, will be against me. With the economists it is all money-making and self. The economist would not care if Cornwall were as thickly packed with trippers and tourists during the summer as Epsom Downs are with racegoers on Derby Day. He would see in those crowds evidence only of financial prosperity. Hence, he is necessarily in sympathy with the pernicious invitation, addressed to Englishmen and foreigners alike: "Spend Your Holidays in England." This, it seems to me, is simply playing into the hands of hotel keepers, railway companies, and motor-coach agencies. To all these trades I wish well, but only to a point at which their interests do not threaten the amenities of country and seaside life. Not being an economist, I can take a large and unselfish view of the matter, and my sole purpose is to save Wiltshire, to save Dartmoor, and to save Cornwall from being overrun. It ought to be fairly easy to discover how many people it takes to overrun a place and, having discovered this, to frame a law forbidding more than the right number of persons to visit any county, moor, harbour-town, or cove during the summer months. I myself could without difficulty fix the number of people who should be allowed to visit St. Ives during August. It is exactly the number that visited it in the first August in which I saw it. Then St. Ives was unspoiled. Now it is overrun. So is every place else that I once knew, except——. But that is a name that wild horses will not drag out of me.

Y. Y.

THE SCALE OF VALUES

How curious is the undoubted fact that one tends to resent the imputation of a mistake in quotation, or of a false quantity, more than an accusation of moral obliquity.
—SIR JOHN SIMON.

'TIS *true*, Sir John, that you and I
Would hardly trouble to deny
Base rumours that we drink and lie
And beat our wives and gamble—
Yet raise a protest loud and strong
If someone says you quoted wrong,
Or I, "committing short and long,"
Have marred my verses' amble.

But is it *odd*? No sense of pride
By moral worth is gratified;
Quite common people, far and wide,
Are virtuous and godly.
Only what marks us from the crowd
Can make us comfortably proud.
Birth, scholarship, a Muse endowed
With sometimes rhyming oddly.

So, in these democratic days,
We labour in a thousand ways
On little pedestals to raise
Our cultured personalities.
An old-boy's tie, the right to speak
The jargon of a Bloomsbury clique—
Of these we boast; but rather seek
To hide our dull moralities.

MACFLECKNOE.

Correspondence

WAGE REDUCTIONS

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Your learned contributor, Mr. G. D. H. Cole, in his article on "Why We Should Not Reduce Wages," reminds one irresistibly of King Canute. He opposes wage reductions in defiance of the well-established facts (*a*) that Great Britain has lost a considerable portion of her export trade through being undercut by her rivals; (*b*) that wages form in most industries the largest *single* cost of the industry, and that, therefore, other cost reductions without wage reductions will accomplish very little.

Merely because it is unpleasant we cannot shelve the wages question, nor can we defy economic laws with any more success than had King Canute with those of nature.

Mr. Cole's initial assumption that the home sheltered trades are more important than the unsheltered export industries is one that many of your readers will question. He is apparently resigned to our writing off the loss of a large part of our export trade as irrecoverable and he offers us instead merely our home market.

I submit this advice is a council of despair. By far the largest numbers of the unemployed to-day are to be found in the export trades; reductions of wages and all other costs offer the only hope of increased trade and, therefore, more employment in those industries as it is in most cases a question of selling price and, from the point of view of purchasing power, surely the men who will be found work in the recovering export trades will have a much greater purchasing power than if they were merely drawing the dole as heretofore. In other words any slight loss of purchasing power resulting from reduction of wages of those employed would be much more than offset by the largely increased purchasing power of the fresh men brought into industry by increased trade due to the above wage reductions.—Yours, etc.,

S. F. MIALL.

38 Cyprus Road,
Finchley, N. 3.
May 25th.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—The notes on "Wages" in your issue of May 16th are followed by an article by Mr. G. D. H. Cole in that of the 23rd. All are caloulated to encourage Trade Unionists in thinking that, in opposing wage reductions, they are not only following a natural instinct, but are acting in accordance with sound economic judgment. I venture to doubt if the advice given, unfortunate though this may seem, is really sound, and if its acceptance by Trade Union leaders will in the long run be to their advantage.

May I make it clear at the start that I do not think a reduction in wages is the best method of meeting the present collapse of markets? As Lord D'Abernon has recently pointed out, international action for maintaining or raising the general price level is a much more desirable one, and it is one to which personally I should like to direct all our activities. We must, however, I fear, regard this as impractical at the moment, but it should not be ignored when discussing the problem.

Ruling out any amelioration in the price level and confining ourselves merely to making the best of the present situation, we should not consider wage reductions, even when coupled with technicological developments, as the only two forms of action that can be taken.

If wages have got to conform to new prices, then I see no reason why, probably by methods of special taxation, owners of fixed interest debts, Government stock, mortgages, etc., should not be, at least in part, deprived of the unlooked-for increment in the real value of their property.

But it does not necessarily follow that on economic grounds Trade Union leaders are wise in declining to consider any reduction in wages. As such unbiassed observers as Sir Arthur Salter and A. Loveday of the I.L.O. have recently pointed out, it is most important that elasticity, in wages particularly, should be restored to our economic system. In the light of this, therefore, may I suggest one or two criticisms of Mr. Cole's article?

In one paragraph Mr. Cole states: "Wages are, no doubt, a cost; but they are also the means whereby mass-demand is made effective. To reduce them is certainly not the way to

cause an expansion in the home market, whatever might be the reactions of such a policy on our ability to sell goods overseas." This view, I think, ignores the fact that the purchasing power of the home market must not be measured merely by the height of the wage level. The purchasing power, on the contrary, is the result of two factors—wages and numbers employed. If, therefore, the reactions of a reduction in wages level are to sell more goods overseas and put more in employment, then it is quite conceivable that the purchasing power of the home market may show no reduction.

In the next paragraph wages reductions are merely considered in relation to the wages of our foreign competitors. It is presumed that they would reduce their wages *pari passu* with ours, and no one would be better off. Is not this, however, to ignore the essential fact in the present situation, which is that the prices of raw materials have dropped to pre-war and below, while the prices of manufactured goods are still roughly 50 per cent. above? In other words, that the present crisis, produced by numerous causes, is now fundamentally one of adjustment? It is highly improbable that, if wages were reduced in this country and perhaps on the Continent as well, there would be any reduction in the wages of those engaged in producing raw materials—*i.e.*, a most important section of our customers. If, by reducing wages, we and other manufacturing countries reduced our prices to a level more approximating the ability to purchase of the raw material countries, would not this crisis of adjustment be on the way to solution and international trade be once more stimulated?

In considering wage reductions Mr. Cole assumes that they "would have to be concentrated mainly on the trades producing for export." Surely, however, this is by no means the case. Is it not just the "sheltered" industries, such as those engaged in transport and dock labour, which assist so very much in keeping up the prices of our manufactured exports?

It is interesting to note that Mr. Cole admits that, "if the fall in world prices goes much further . . . some wage reductions will become inevitable." What degree of fall in world prices has Mr. Cole in mind, and on what grounds does he suggest that the catastrophic fall of over 20 per cent. that has occurred in the last two years has not made a reduction (which he does not rule out as conceivable) already inevitable?

Often in discussion of economic matters the use of economic language is unavoidable. That would appear to be the case in the present instance. It is generally accepted as an economic principle that it is the marginal unit, whether of production or of demand, which determines the price for all units. Mr. Cole would seem to suggest that the marginal theory as we have understood it in the past can now be modified and the country worked on two marginal returns, one for home produce and one for export. Why?—Yours, etc.,

Birmingham. EMPLOYER.
May 22nd.

ARTICULATE AFRICA

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—At first I decided not to write because I was anxious to say no word that might weaken the force of the admirable article in your issue of May 16th. But on reflection I think your readers ought to know that there is in fact in East Africa a demand, mainly in but not confined to Uganda, for the popular election of tribal authorities. Two of the three African delegates from Kenya were Government officials, and not one of them had a shred of traditional authority, or was a chief in any sense of the word. It was all the more astonishing that they did so largely say what the ordinary Africans of Kenya want. But they told by no means the whole of that story. So also with the evidence of Serwano Kulubya. His great ability should not be allowed to conceal the fact that he spoke for his King. It is the fashion, I know, to jeer at ballot-boxes. But by what other means can the common people choose either the men to be in authority over them or the laws they wish to live under? Indirect election has always proved unsatisfactory in practice. Or are we to assume that ordinary Africans are never to enjoy liberties all other human beings may aspire to? Half the trouble in East Africa is due to the fact that practically all those in authority there do assume that. But they are wrong.—Yours, etc.,

Brailsford, near Derby. NORMAN LEYS.
May 26th.

THE LAND TAX AND THE COUNTRYSIDE

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Connection with the National Trust and personal friendship have rendered me well acquainted with the generosity of Sir Francis Acland and of his family before him to the cause of rural amenity. But in his letter in your number of May 23rd, he has, I fear, let the wish be father to the thought that the land tax in its proposed form will not encourage "ribboning." He says that, as a result of these proposals, "if the seller is perhaps more anxious to sell because of the prospect of the tax, the buyer is less anxious to buy," because he also fears that he will have to pay the tax. But the buyer, in the class of cases that Sir Francis and I most deprecate, is usually a speculative builder or land speculator, who will sell the land in parcels for houses and so get rid of the tax as far as he is concerned, passing it on to people who must take houses where they can find them.

In his other argument, Sir Francis has, I submit, misread the Finance Bill. He writes:

> I cannot see that the tax would encourage ribboning. If I have a farm of 100 acres with a ten-acre frontage to a road, as I understand the proposals, my farm will be valued as a separate hereditament, and if I sell a ribbon a quarter of an acre deep, I shall still have to pay 97½ per cent. of the tax. I should be inclined, therefore, not to ribbon at all, or let anyone else do it, but to develop the whole site properly or not at all.

But, surely, this reasoning ignores Pt. III., Sec. 10, p. 9 of the Finance Bill, which expressly provides for the periodical redivision of the land units, where sales have taken place. The old owner will, if he sells the "ribbon," be left with the residue portion of his land away from the road, on which he will pay nothing if its value is purely agricultural, while the tax will all be shouldered by the owners of the "ribbon," who will probably be persons who have bought their house-land from the speculator who made the first purchase. There will, therefore, be a strong motive for existing owners to sell roadside land to avoid the tax. And as people must have houses there will be purchasers. We all want houses to be built, but some of us think they should be built in the right places, not in the wrong places as a propitiatory offering to the shade of Henry George.

Do we want, for instance, to break up even more rapidly than now the private parks of the country as "building estates"? Cannot they also be exempted on some condition of opening to the public? The Report of the National Parks Committee has just come out, but all that region of thought and policy has been ignored by the framers of the land-tax proposals. They have also ignored the difficult but necessary task of adjusting the new tax to the Government's own Town Planning Bill, and to the rate of actual progress of Town Planning schemes.

If the State has now decided to interfere in the matter of land development by this system of taxation, it follows that the State ought to have a universal system of town or regional planning. Sir Francis indeed says something very like it in the last paragraph of his letter. The imminent danger is that such proposals will be put off to the Greek Kalends, and meanwhile the land tax will go through in its present form, Liberals and Socialists laying the flattering unction to their souls that "it will not encourage ribboning." It will, in fact, encourage, and often compel, "ribboning," and the breaking up of parks, beauty spots and open spaces, in all those great areas where there is no town or regional plan. In the remoter parts of the country the evil, though considerable, will be relatively less. Nearer to towns, it will be very great. And when the tax is in due course raised from a penny to twopence or fourpence the evil results will be immense.

It is one thing for an owner to forego potential profit which he might obtain by exploiting his land frontages. It is quite another thing to expect him not only to forego this profit, but actually to incur a cash loss, by way of taxation, every year in which he refrains from such exploitation. The amenities of the country depend, more than on anything else, on the disinclination of owners to sell. It is precisely that disinclination which is now to be penalised, irrespective of the question whether or not in each particular case it is to the public interest that the spot should be sold and built on.

Another point of the first importance is the position of universities, colleges, schools and charities. I see that the Solicitor-General, speaking at such institutions, said on May 19th:

> There is no reason why such bodies should be exempted from taxation in respect of lands held as investments.

But why, since they are exempted from income tax, should they not be exempted from land tax? A penny land tax is equal to

an income tax of one shilling and eightpence in the pound, assuming land to be worth twenty years' purchase of its annual value. Why should educational and charitable institutions be subjected to this form of tax on a large part of their income when they are exempted from the other tax on their income for reasons of public policy? The incomes of many of the most important educational institutions are largely derived from land. In its present form the Bill is a disendowment Bill directed against education and charity.—Yours, etc.,

G. M. TREVELYAN.

TOWN PLANNING SCHEMES

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—While I join with Mr. Horniman in lamenting the delay which is necessarily incurred in preparing a town planning scheme, may I point out that he is unduly pessimistic in suggesting that "the speculative builder naturally takes advantage of the delay."? The builder who erects a house after the resolution of the local authority deciding to prepare a scheme runs the risk of being compelled to remove it, without compensation, when the scheme is finally settled. He has notice of the resolution by it being registered as a local land charge in the books of the local authority. If his proposals do not meet with their approval, he may appeal to the Minister of Health. The last Report of the Ministry for 1929-30 states that the position as regards development during the preparation and approval of a scheme is that "anyone undertaking development after the date when it is decided to prepare the scheme does so at the risk of having the building or works pulled down, removed, or altered without compensation, if found to be in contravention of the scheme, when approved."

Five and a half million acres are now covered by 542 schemes, and although only 22 of these schemes were approved at the date of the last report, the local authorities responsible for the remaining schemes have sufficient powers in the meantime to prevent any infringement of their main proposals. In practice I think it will be found that such powers are exercised.

Apart from the risk of having to pull down a building which turns out not to be in accordance with the scheme, the builder invariably desires to sell, and he knows that when the solicitor to the prospective purchaser makes the customary inquiry of the local authority, and is informed that the building infringes the Town Planning proposals, the deal will be "off."—Yours, etc.,

105 Fox Lane, N. 13. A. E. LAUDER.

FASCISTS AND TOSCANINI

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—It appears that Signor Toscanini was recently assaulted by a Fascist because he refused to allow the Fascist Anthem to be played at a concert he was about to conduct in Italy; other inconveniences seem to have followed, such as the confiscation of his passport.

Politics and art go badly together, and if ever there was a cause for which to suffer martyrdom, this is one. A National Anthem jars on the mood preceding æsthetic enjoyment, whereas if Professor Einstein were compelled to recite "Deutschland Uber Alles" before commencing to lecture on the theory of Relativity, his subsequent exposition would lose none of its intellectual force.

An Anthem is out of place on both occasions, but while at a lecture it is intellectually ludicrous, at a concert it is æsthetically painful.—Yours, etc., O. HOOD PHILLIPS.

Springmead, Windsor Terrace, Hampstead, N.W. 3.

JUVENILE DELINQUENCY

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—In your issue of May 16th you comment on the criminal statistics for 1929, and point out that "crime becomes increasingly a problem of adolescence or of the comparatively young . . . here is a real problem to which far too little consideration is given."

Your readers may be interested in an effort to deal with this problem in West Ham, where funds are being appealed for by the Police Magistrate, F. St. John Morrow, Esq., LL.D., with the help of an executive committee composed of justices of the peace, to establish the West Ham Hostel and Club for Youths. The scheme aims at establishing a homely and friendly hostel in which to house (*a*) certain youthful offenders placed on probation who have undesirable homes, (*b*) homeless and destitute youths, (*c*) sons of criminal parents, (*d*) youths from overcrowded homes. The absolute necessity for such a hostel becomes more apparent every year.

Over £2,000 is still required before the scheme can be proceeded with, and we should be deeply grateful for any donations sent by your readers, either to the Police Magistrate, West Ham Police Court, E. 15, or to me as honorary treasurer at 54/70 Broadway, Stratford, E. 15.—Yours, etc.,

Broadway, Stratford, E. R. C. BOARDMAN.
May 26th.

MODERN GERMANIES

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—"Your Reviewer" can perhaps help me by naming the great Liberal statesman, who declared that, in a published correspondence, the man who openly gives his name possesses an advantage over the anonymous opponent? In any case I have no need to try to disguise the lack of good argument by personal remarks. In the reply to my letter, which you have published, "Your Reviewer" again makes a curious mistake. He states that the parcellation of large estates for the creation of small holdings in the Baltic States, in Poland and in Czechoslovakia is proceeding under the influence of Russian ideas. But, Sir, the whole world has now heard something about collectivisation of land in Soviet Russia, and about the persecution to which precisely the small holder is subjected under the regime of the Soviet Tsars. In fact, "Your Reviewer" is answered in the last number of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION by an article on "Trade, Politics and Agriculture," which is an apology of the small-holder. Another point—"Your Reviewer" pushes into the foreground the new *Deutsche Staatspartei*, as expressing the ideals of the German youth. May I ask what was the success of this party at the last elections to the Reichstag?—Yours, etc.,

49 Queen's Gate Gardens, S.W. V. POLIAKOFF.
May 24th.

BÜLOW'S MEMOIRS

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Your reviewer, Mr. Mortimer, in his criticism of the memoirs of Prince von Bülow repeats a curious theory, for which there is absolutely no evidence. He suggests or rather he states categorically that Bülow let pass the Emperor's *Daily Telegraph* publication in 1908—deliberately. There is no proof for this statement, in fact the suggestion of Bülow himself, *i.e.*, that he was very much occupied with internal affairs, is much more likely. Bülow could have no reason for wishing the abdication of the Emperor. It seems perfectly clear that the enemies of Bülow encouraged the Kaiser to believe that he had been betrayed by his Chancellor.

This curious notion, oft repeated, that Bülow deliberately let pass the *Telegraph* interview, has no foundation in fact and is extremely improbable.—Yours, etc.,

Hotel Royer-Collard, JACK FREEMAN.
Rue Royer-Collard, Paris.
May 22nd.

THE FOUNDLING SITE

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Is not the imminent destruction of the Foundling Site a national scandal? None of the following facts is, I think, disputed.

1. The House of Commons has recently passed, without a division, the Second Reading of a Bill to promote the planning of town and country and to prevent the further destruction of amenities. All parties paid lip service to the principle.

2. No planning authority for London which was not composed of lunatics would permit the destruction of 9½ acres of open space in the heart of London which were urgently needed for the children of its crowded neighbourhood.

3. These acres are, in fact, to be destroyed early next month, and no party in the House of Commons proposes to raise a finger to prevent it.

From a Parliament which could find money to make bookmakers' telephones cheaper but none to preserve children's play-

grounds nothing, I suppose, can be hoped for. But will none of those splendid Trusts founded by American or other benevolence and piety step into the breach and at the eleventh hour save these acres from destruction? Funds from such trusts have been made available for the repair of cathedrals and other shrines, whose need was not as urgent as the need to save these acres. No shrine is worthier of protection than these lovely acres set apart for charity by the pious and humane in days before our decadence; before the beauty of town and country became just a thing to ravish. Our present barbarism may not last; and if the trustees of such trusts found it possible to save the Foundling Site to-day, they might, I think, be saving it not for barbarians but for a civilised people, whose gratitude might one day repay to such trusts the money which they had nobly expended to meet this urgent need.

Travel Associations are seeking to entice foreign tourists to this country. May I suggest a new advertisement? "Visit England now. No other country is destroying its beauty so quickly. A visit postponed may be too late."—Yours, etc.,

May 22nd. LONDONER.

ON BUYING BRITISH GOODS

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—As a very Amateur Economist I was very interested in the query raised by Mr. Tremlett in your issue of March 21st with regard to the exhortation "Buy British Goods."

It is, I think, universally agreed that exports pay for imports, so that it must follow that any increase in imports must have been preceded or must be followed by a corresponding increase in exports, unless the importing country is prepared to pay for imports by means of gold which, of course, would lead to speedy bankruptcy.

If this is correct the point as to whether it is more advantageous to purchase British or foreign goods must rest entirely on which course promotes the greater national accumulation of wealth. It is a natural instinct to buy in the cheapest market, and if by so doing we are purchasing foreign goods, we surely must be not only increasing the national wealth but also indirectly stimulating British industries which are economically productive and whose products are exported to pay for the imported foreign goods.

A campaign to "Buy British Goods" undoubtedly has its usefulness inasmuch as it gives some stimulation to young and struggling industries to fight foreign competition, but it certainly has not the disadvantages of a tariff, whereby the consumers' contribution is compulsory, and inefficient and economically unproductive industries are kept alive for an indefinite period to the detriment of the consumer.—Yours, etc.,

Singapore, C. M. CLAMP.
April 30th.

MR. WALLACE AND COMPENSATION

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I am given to understand that Mr. Wallace, the result of whose appeal must be pleasing to many readers of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, is to receive no compensation. Surely, if a condemned man is set free by the Court of Appeal he is in law not guilty of the crime for which he has been sentenced. Why, then, should an innocent man suffer without recompense the rigours of imprisonment and trial?

Is to be suspected and wrongly accused an offence for which the punishment is prison and the most exquisite mental torture? —Yours, etc.,

Uphill, Warlingham. LAURENCE WRIGHT.
May 22nd.

THE SPIRIT OF AMERICA

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Sir Arthur Duckham, on returning with the British Industries Mission from America, stated that in the presence of their enormous unemployment the Americans are much more despondent than the British. I believe that most English business men visiting America this year are saying the exact opposite. No one could deny the widespread despondency in America, which is all the more noticeable because coming after a period of unbounded confidence. But my experience is that in the United States there is nothing resembling the defeatist temper that prevails so generally to-day among British merchants and industrialists. Americans say that although the President has achieved relatively little, the problem is being attacked.—Yours, etc. F. K.

London, N.W. 8.

ADVICE TO MOTORISTS

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—The new motorists who are taking to the road this season will no doubt read in the voluminous literature they receive with the new car that they should examine their tyres periodically for cuts or embedded granite, chips, nails, and so forth. Yet, so far as I am aware, few instruction books state the necessity for examining the inner tube from time to time. The outer cover, after all, is only half the tyre. The inner tube is the real air container, and in these days of well base rims, it is not a difficult matter to remove the tyre from the wheel and go over the tube and the inside of the cover. Nails or flints embedded in the cover may have scratched the tube; these can be removed and the tube repaired. Later, when the tube shows signs of damage or age, it should be replaced without hesitation.

Perhaps my thoughts on tubes are prompted, to a very great degree, by my years of motor racing experience, including a few quite exciting moments caused by violent skids at high speeds, due, in nearly every instance, to burst tyres.

Because it is out of sight the inner tube is too often out of mind—until it punctures or bursts.—Yours, etc.,

12A George Street, London, W. 1. JACK BARCLAY.
May 22nd.

THE AUTHOR OF *LORNA DOONE*

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I am undertaking the collection of materials for a biography of Richard Doddridge Blackmore, author of *Lorna Doone*, etc., and shall be grateful for information that will contribute to a vital portrayal of the man. I shall be especially glad to hear from those who knew him personally, and to have copies of his letters. Should any prefer to submit the letters, I shall have them copied, and return the originals.—Yours, etc.,

WALDO H. DUNN.

704 Buckeye Street, Wooster, Ohio, U.S.A.

Miscellany

KARL THE GREAT

IF you studied his face without knowing whose it was you could feel sure it belonged to a man who had achieved. But a thinker or a doer? From the eyes upwards, the first; below them, the other. A magnificent forehead; dark, smooth, and gentle hair; long, level, piercing eyes, both quizzical and stern. But the jaw is heavy, the nose long and splaying, ears too big, and the mouth, set rather low under the nostrils, firm. Like most mouths its upper lip reveals the better characteristics; the lower, the less pleasant. Above are sensitiveness, flexibility, humour, affection; below are something—ever so slight—of the bully, some obstinacy, a little greed, and more temper. But it is a man of fastidious probity. Both head and shoulders are massive; they belong to one who not only has the grit, but finds it a pleasure (a characteristic of his countrymen) to persist steadily for years towards perfection in the development of an idea. One eye is set a fraction above the other; and this unevenness, while it enhances the uncouth aspect of a grim successful ironmaster, gives to the eyes a subtle twinkle, which reveals the power to see through flattery and call a bluff. Only the dress is rather pompous, with a sumptuous double-breasted waistcoat of dark velvet, a perfectly contrived cravat, and broad heavy rolling lapels to the coat.

When one recalls some of his advice—especially to women—when one considers but a few of his æsthetic judgments, so heavily weighted with orthodoxy, and his distressingly ponderous reactions to the beauties or grandeurs of natural

scenery, which he visited (one had almost said "inspected") in so many regions of the globe, then the thought of his dress and his close-cropped curly whiskers convinces one that his pomposity and stilted style represent without any qualification the man's whole nature. But do they? I prefer to think not. More than a respect and an admiration, I have an affection for Charles. That he mistook pomposity for dignity is undeniable; his industry has been equalled by hundreds, if not thousands, of his compatriots; his superhuman standard of excellence and accuracy, likewise. But his originality was complete. Not in the idea, but in the unprecedented scale and microscopic completeness with which he put it into practice. It is these qualities and his humour, whether conscious or no, that have made him a unique companion, and explain why he is twice as indispensable in the country as the town, and in neither has a peer.

The picture afforded of him by his works is wholly charming. He has a suavity that permits him to allude with grateful sureness to the most unmentionable things; a pen, that by its ingenious restraint knows how to soften the truth about delinquents; and, at the same time, a scrupulous fairness to all whom he has visited. Inquisitive (as was proper to his task), incorruptible, encyclopædic, yet altogether imperturbable, never at a loss, and thorough, thorough as only a German can be.

Consider, as an instance, his advice to the tyro setting out for one of the mountainous districts of Europe. "A light rucksack," he suggests, "suffices to contain all that is necessary for a week's excursion. The rucksack should be of waterproof material, and should contain a light mackintosh, a change of flannel shirts and woollen stockings (for it is 'advisable to wear a woollen fabric next the skin'), a few pocket handkerchiefs, a pair of slippers, and toilet articles. A pocket-knife with a corkscrew, a drinking cup, a tin-opener, a pocket-flask, stout gloves, a compass, and a pocket first-aid outfit should not be forgotten. Useful, though not indispensable, are a pair of binoculars, sewing materials, a piece of cord, and a electric torch." It is not so much the air of a benign schoolmaster which amuses, as the picture of Herr Karl Baedeker himself assembling this collection, cataloguing it with earnest exactitude, and inducing it scientifically into a "light rucksack of waterproof material."

But the traveller's real concerns have not begun. "The enthusiast" must "curb his ardours at the outset"; "repose should be taken during the hottest hours"; "a shawl" worn when entering the cool interiors of cathedrals in the heat of summer; and, above all, care taken as to diet. "A little cold tea, slightly sweetened, or a dried prune now and then. . . ." But "cold glacier water is dangerous" and "cold milk also is prejudicial." What delicate brevity! "Prejudicial" to what—the stomach? In any case, "the novice must be solemnly warned." Then as to ardours. "To prevent the feet from blistering . . . they may be rubbed morning and evening with brandy and tallow. A warm footbath with bran will be found soothing. . . . Soaping the inside of the stocking is another well-known safeguard against abrasion of the skin." What airy swoops from the improbable to the obvious! One feels it is a little unfair to expect the bran and the brandy, the tea, the tallow, and the prunes, all to be slipped into the "light rucksack," as it were, by implication. And one could more easily imagine swallowing the brandy (called "cognac" whenever recommended as a drink) than applying it to the feet, and resorting to more commonplace medicaments than some of those which he prescribes. With "diarrhœa," for instance, "fifteen drops of a mixture of parts of tincture of opium and aromatic tincture may safely be taken every two hours until——" it stops? No. Hardly so crude a phrase for use in a book to be read by ladies and gentlemen. No, until "relief is afforded."

His delicious literalness, too, cannot, one feels after studying his face, but conceal a mischievousness and an irony which it would have been fatal for him to admit to. "Distress signals," for example, "may be made by waving a flag or handkerchief on the end of a stick, by shouting, whistling, or by showing a light (lantern, fire, etc.)." Would anyone, the reader wonders, with mind and instincts so feeble as to need such advice, be capable of understanding it?

But this literalness has one mysterious and enchanting result: it always evokes a picture of Karl himself, thick in the waist, and with set face, practising what he intends to preach and noting everything as he does so. "During thunderstorms" (a case in point) "it is best to seek refuge from the lightning in some sheltered spot, carefully avoiding single trees and other prominent objects, while on the open mountain it is sometimes advisable to lie flat on the ground"! A still pleasanter image is that—evoked by his description—of himself ascending and penetrating the Great Pyramid of Egypt. Indeed, in this volume he excels himself.

"The ascent of the Pyramid," he assures one, "though fatiguing, is perfectly safe. The traveller selects two of the importunate Beduins (p. 120) [other 'importunate beggars may be firmly dismissed by a gesture of negation'] and proceeds to the N.E. corner. . . . Assisted by the two Beduins, one holding each hand, and, if desired, by a third (no extra payment) who pushes behind," the traveller, thus assisted, Karl carries to the summit of the mightiest monument ever raised by man. But such heights are dangerous, and "it is as well to keep an eye upon one's pockets."

The heart, too, of this stupendous thing must be explored with caution: "Travellers who are in the slightest degree predisposed to apoplectic or fainting fits and ladies travelling alone should not attempt to penetrate into these stifling recesses," where the floor is "often very slippery and the air smells strongly of bats." And a last word: "the attempts of the guides to goad the visitor into inconvenient hurry should be disregarded." After all, his style—how fitting, how flexible, within the conventions of his generation, he mesmerises you into feeling it to be. He can be concise and fluent, skittish and magniloquent, by turns. What can be more fascinating than those marvellous portmanteau sentences in which, extending for a dozen lines between one stop and the next, he embraces a reference to the origin of a city and its name; to its cab fares, its drinking water, and the hours of service in the English church; the beauties of its site, the nature of its soil, and the upper and lower limits of a reasonable gratuity.

Who for the mere sound could rival *πολυφλοισβοῖο θαλάσσης* more nearly than with his "wild gorge of porphyry"? And, whether intentional or not, what more entertaining description than his could be found of the practical detractions from a scene unique in historic significance and grandeur: [In the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings] "the gorge gradually contracts, between walls of naked yellow rock, on which the midday sun pours its perpendicular rays, and a gloomy solitude broods over the scene. . . . Signs of life are rare; a desert plant waves here and there; jackals, wolves, eagles, vultures, owls, bats, snakes, flies, and wasps are the only inhabitants of the gorge."

His humour is never broad. At its mildest it is dry ("Hotels which cannot be accurately characterised without

exposing the editor to the risk of legal proceedings are left unmentioned "); it can administer the sting of irony (" where British influence is strong, as in places with large garrisons, the word *shilling* (sic) is used "); it can even ring (though it be but once) with the sardonic bitterness of wounded passion (" the boundary-stone [of the new Italian frontier with Austria] . . . bears characteristic Latin inscriptions ").

Karl the First was born one hundred and thirty years ago. He died, aged fifty-eight, in 1859. Karl II. lived from 1837 to 1911, his brothers, Ernst and Fritz, from 1883 to 1861 and 1844 to 1925. Karl's grandson, Hans, now reigns. While there is a country still unvisited we cannot say good-bye to Karl, and even then we should want him on our shelves. On any rainy day, when we are ill, impoverished, or infirm, we may console ourselves by conjuring a rich variety of pictures—Karl packing his dried prunes, waving a flag on the end of his walking-stick and whistling, lying on his stomach on a bare mountain-side, taking his bearings during the sudden storm with a compass, and simultaneously minding his pockets and repelling offers of guidance from importunate strangers. On his return to his hotel we can watch him tending his abrased feet with brandy, and, if the worst should have come to the worst (it is irresistible), carefully counting out those fifteen drops. Finally, recovered from his misadventures, fortified by his own prescriptions, we may leave him, setting out to sight-see indefatigably once again, with a shawl over one arm and, consulting, as it were, himself, a Baedeker beneath the other.

RICHARD PYKE.

OBRUERUNT

(A May Evening in Oxford.)

HERE, for an hour,
To find that every door opens upon wide fields
Made strange with shadow patterns of far clouds;
Whilst peace no stir of traffic can assail
Drops from the golden poplar-trees, that stand—
Sentinels quivering with the weight they bear
Of armoured loveliness—on guard
Against the phantom army. Out of the mist high towers
Pinnacle-crowned, challenge the night. The fields
Are wounded at the hands of light, that spears
With javelined shafts, nailing the white mist down
Opaque, invincible.
Now are come ghosts,
Giants that hide all day in May-green beechwoods
Or tread the high hills, cloud-encompassed
At whose still altars worship lonely herons.
These giants wade the mists, knee-deep, and pass
Through shadowed fields, and sleep enchanted meadows
To the beleaguered town.

ANNE FREMANTLE.

BEECHAM'S RUSSIAN SEASON

AT the conclusion of the second of the first two nights of Sir Thomas Beecham's season of Russian opera and ballet at the Lyceum I came out thinking to myself, " I have done Wagner a great injustice." And, listening to the famous Russian pioneer Dargomijsky's opera *Roussalka* and that supreme Russian master Rimsky-Korsakov's *The Tsar's Fiancée*, composed in 1898 when the composer was fifty-four years old, I realised that England has some operatic composers too. Sir Alexander Mackenzie—to say nothing of Sir Charles Villiers Stanford—has composed works as original and more spontaneous than *The Tsar's Fiancée*. In the past I have been comparing Wagner with the great operatic composers Mozart and Verdi, but these judgments are relative, and since comparisons may occasionally be made because they save a critic time, it must be admitted that Wagner does not belong to the same musical plane as Sir Alexander Mackenzie and Rimsky-Korsakov.

Dargomijsky's *Roussalka*, composed about 1856, seems to me an altogether stronger and more pleasing work than *The Tsar's Fiancée*. The latter is a purely academic work as dry as a bone, with that efficient clatter and rattle that is acceptable only when one's sensibility has become too dulled to receive a genuine impression. *Roussalka*, on the other hand, is a work of considerable charm in its Mendelssohnian fluency. Throughout the score there is not a passage which strikes one as wholly fresh and a piece of real musical invention such as Mendelssohn was capable of, but one can understand why Dargomijsky was, after Glinka, considered as a pioneer. In spite of the Italian operatic influences it shows so clearly, *Roussalka* has an individual style. The libretto is wholly Russian, and the opera with its choruses shows a different spirit from that of Italian or German opera. These distinctions in character are not due to adroit manipulation of folk-song material, but are intrinsic in the nature of the musician; and so Dargomijsky has enough of interest to give him a value historically and to make his work valuable. But *Roussalka* does not reveal any very considerable gifts. There is nothing wrong with the workmanship, which is smooth and efficient; it is merely that Dargomijsky does not show here sufficient talent to make a great impression.

Quite the contrary is to be said of Borodin, whose *Prince Igor* on the third night, conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham himself, revived everybody's spirits. The more I hear of this work the better I like it, the more powerful and original I think it, and the higher the opinion it forces one to have of its composer as a musician. The two outstanding achievements in opera by Russian composers are, it seems to me, Moussorgsky's *Boris Godounov* and Borodin's *Prince Igor*. Certainly there are still a number of operas which have not been performed in this country, but can we believe that that clever and eclectic professor Rimsky-Korsakov has composed anything comparable with *Prince Igor* or *Boris Godounov*? We are to hear his *Sadko* later in the season. Let us hope it is better than *The Tsar's Fiancée*. No doubt it will prove cleverer and more taking, but who would not give half a dozen of Rimsky-Korsakov's operas for another opera by Borodin! This remarkable man is one of the few who, since the Renaissance, have succeeded in combining two professions. He was a Professor of Chemistry from the age of twenty-eight until his death in 1887, and is said to have shown in youth even more aptitude for science than for music. The public everywhere in Europe to-day is familiar with his musical talent as displayed chiefly in his second symphony and that delightful symphonic sketch *In the Steppes of Central Asia*, but these works—especially the former—do not show the full nature of Borodin's musical talent. Only *Prince Igor*, unfortunately, does this, and even in *Prince Igor* the attention of musicians is chiefly directed to the magnificent choral writing, the glowing colour and the pulsating vigour of the work. I have never seen any commentary on the power of comic creation which Borodin reveals in his treatment of the two bagpipe players, Skoula and Erochka, in *Prince Igor*. These, in the hands of a composer of more restricted genius than Borodin's, would have received a very conventional treatment. And when one considers that this is the composer's first and only opera, it would not have been surprising, even in a musician of the highest genius, to find very perfunctory handling of minor figures, especially as nothing is so difficult in music as comic

characterisation of this kind, a kind that only Verdi, Mozart and Rossini at their very best succeed in. But Borodin immediately and without experiment creates two magnificently Russian buffoons who owe nothing to any of the comic creations in opera before him. I must say a word of praise to the performers, A. Oksanky and N. Lavretzky, who took the parts of Skoula and Erochka respectively. They could hardly have been better played and, indeed, the whole performance of *Prince Igor* was on a very high level.

In production and acting the Russians show extraordinary talent. In the case of the costumes and scenery it is more difficult to give a just appreciation of the work of designers like Ivan Bilibine and Constantin Korovine because the Russian setting still retains for us sufficient novelty and richness to produce always a striking effect. But as singers and actors they excel in their own field. Chaliapin's performance as the miller in *Roussalka* was a masterly performance, quiet, assured, full of significant detail. Without ever shouldering the other actors off the stage or coming into too great prominence he made his effects and was always present when he was on the stage. I should like to have seen him as Prince Galitzky in *Prince Igor*, but the performance of Steschenko in that role was astonishingly good. G. Jurenieff was a noble and convincing Prince Igor, and one of those truly Russian basses, M. Gitvosky, made a superb thing of the part of the formidable Khan Koutchak. As singers the Russian tenors and sopranos seem much given to tremolo, and there are occasional hard voices among the present company, but a rather good tenor, M. Ritch, suddenly made his appearance as Vladimir in *Prince Igor*, and Madame Slobodskaya, who played the part of Natacha, the miller's daughter in *Roussalka*, has a fine voice. The stage management by Alexander Sanine of *Prince Igor* was excellent, and the general ensemble of principals and choruses was very good.

It is a pity this Russian season of Sir Thomas Beecham's has not been better managed. To come from the really first-rate business-like efficiency of Covent Garden under Lieut.-Colonel Blois and his syndicate to the Lyceum was rather a shock. Unpunctuality, badly printed programmes, poorly written synopses of the operas, together with an inattention to business correspondence are not signs that the name of Lionel Powell, as stated in the programmes, "has been intimately associated with the highest achievements of musical enterprise." A little courtesy and attention on the part of Mr. Lionel Powell to the desires of the weekly press to do justice and give publicity to Sir Thomas Beecham's artistic enterprise would also have done more good to his reputation for business efficiency than a full page boosting himself in his programmes. One can only assume that Mr. Lionel Powell was not personally responsible for the present season, and I should like to state that although correspondence with his office has proved to be mere waste of time, since it is not answered, I personally have received every courtesy from his representative at the theatre, Mr. Richardson. I mention these facts because inefficiency of this sort is a great drawback to musical enterprise in England.

W. J. TURNER.

ESCAPE

WITH most great painters their adventures have had a beginning and end in the studio, or at any rate on the canvas. In the outside world they have been content with playing the observer, and when their lives have been disturbed by personal private drama, it has usually been on account of a failure to adjust their exterior contacts to the necessary exclusiveness of their art. As heroes of novels of passion they ring singularly untrue, though the novelists will not realise the fact. And with the exceptions of David and Courbet they have done little to support the definition of man as a political animal. They do not, indeed, come up to the popular conception of men of action, however wide their discoveries and intense their conflicts within the limits of art, while for a painter to travel far for his picturesque even awakes suspicion. Surely, it is complained, he can invent a picturesque of his own, or find one in his surroundings. Or if he must take a train in search of it, will not the South of France and Italy suffice? For there is a feeling that if he goes much farther he is not doing as much of his own job as he ought, but is picking it up ready-made.

Gauguin, the much-travelled, has suffered lately from this point of view. Because he chose exotic subjects for much of his work, the purists and the timid feel that they are being ensnared by the spell of the West Indies and the South Seas, that a beauty which has no right to be there keeps intervening, like Mark Tapley's cheerfulness, between themselves and the actual painting. The picturesque prevents their seeing the picture, and without in most cases being altogether conscious of it, they would like to abolish the picturesque from painting entirely. For they forget that it is essentially a visual art, and not a branch of mathematics, that its first and foremost object must be the satisfaction of the eye, and that the appeal of technical intricacies successfully accomplished is a secondary matter. Thus these nervous ascetics, alarmed at his splendid sensual luxuriance, sheer off from Gauguin's canvases without waiting to perceive that he was a master according to their own canons, besides being something greater as well.

Beginning as an impressionist and a disciple of Pissarro, he yet saw the danger of carrying the movement to extremes and its tendency to dissolving everything away into atmosphere. With Cézanne, he led painting back again to form. It is true that he thought Cézanne overdid his planes, while Cézanne considered Gauguin too Chinese; but too much attention has been given to Cézanne's part in the revolution of post-impressionism, and not enough to Gauguin's. Gauguin did not penetrate so far towards a geometric basis in his pattern; on the other hand he gave a larger share to rhythm; and above all he did very definitely restore firm outline. He had made all his discoveries in his art before he sought an exotic setting in which to work them out in peace; it was not the setting which led to his particular kind of painting, and his voyages were dictated quite as much from practical purposes as from a search for the picturesque.

He had been a sailor in his youth, and when he was a *pilotin* on board the *Luzitano* at the age of seventeen, he found a second mate who had beachcombed in the South Seas and was especially impressed with their economic conveniences. Later, when he had deserted banking for painting, and found life a difficult matter, Gauguin remembered the second mate's recommendations. A trip to the West Indies had not been very successful, but under southern stars, in a purely business-like way, he might succeed.

So he embarked to fulfil his destiny. The South Seas did not give him all that he expected, yet after the first visit he returned there. Money troubles were as acute as ever, and he was embroiled in local politics. Yet when he died at Atuana, in the Marquesas, he had the satisfaction of having lived out his dream, and finding much of it come true.

The exhibition at the Leicester Galleries contains the famous portrait of his mother, and a lovely Breton landscape. But its main interest lies in the relics of his first journey to Tahiti, woodcuts for his book *Noa-Noa*, and

sketches and notes for larger works. They show a great artist in the making; one who fully dominated his picturesque instead of depending on it, and was triumphantly justified in going to seek it. T. W. EARP.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"The Crime at Blossoms"

APART from its first act, which sags helplessly under a heavy burden of exposition, *The Crime at Blossoms*, now transferred from the Embassy to the Playhouse, is a highly ingenious and entertaining tragi-comedy. Almost more than entertaining, for there are metaphysical implications in the story from which Pirandello would have worried a dozen maddening paradoxes, playing off fantasy against reality and conscious against unconscious motives. Perhaps mercifully, Mr. Mordaunt Shairp is content to shelve dialectic, and his one incursion into metaphysics is half-hearted. The play is built on a thrice-told story of a murder. There is first the charwoman's version—ugly, as only a cheap newspaper could make it. Then there is the story which Valerie Merriman builds from it—romantic, sentimental and lurid—for the entertainment of charabanc parties at a shilling a head; and amazingly good value it is, until the murderer himself transcends fiction with truth, and Valerie is faced with the enormity which she has committed. Valerie's character itself becomes wound inextricably into the progress of the murder legend. Her first horror at the thought of her home having been the scene of a crime which has roused a gloating public interest gives way to a desperate resolve to shoulder by its means the financial responsibilities which her shiftless husband has brushed aside. Then comes the dangerous phase, when she loses her cynicism, is intoxicated by her newly discovered power of moving an audience, and fights savagely for her "right" to express herself, even to the rowdy tourist who gapes at the painted bloodstain on the stairs; and finally there is the realisation of what she has become, and the ensuing emptiness of spirit.

In Miss Joyce Bland the Embassy company has discovered a young actress of quite startling ability. Her performance in this play is uneven—she does not make the most of her last scene, for instance. But she has an intelligence quick to seize on the author's suggestions, and her character-building is done supremely well. More obviously, her "performance" for the tourists is a genuine tour-de-force. Mr. Ivor Barnard as the murderer plays with a flatness and restraint which throw her imaginings into even higher relief. Mr. Whatmore, the producer, handles his principals admirably, but should have kept a tighter hand on some of the minor characters, whose feeble humours were tiresome and distracting.

"Avalanche"

Avalanche is a considerably less irritating film than its predecessor *The White Hell of Pitz Palu*, chiefly because there is far less plot, and what plot there is is pointless rather than offensive, while the main character, a young German meteorologist living in a cabin on the top or Mont Blanc, is attractively played. The dialogue takes on Ibsen significance from the meticulous deliberation with which it is enunciated by the foreign actors. Hence we are able to concentrate almost entirely on Mont Blanc, and the persons who from time to time scramble about on its surface. The photography is impeccable, and the result most imposing. The photographers are justly proud of the cloud effects gained, while the combination of aeroplanes and shining snow peaks is dazzlingly impressive. *Avalanche* is not a film one can describe in detail, as what plot there is never pretends to be more than an excuse for the photography; but as moving photograph work of Alpine effects it is beyond all praise.

Mr. George Arliss

In *The Millionaire* Mr. George Arliss is at it again. No one has so arrogantly as he disdained the special technique he should be employing: no one has ever so triumphantly twisted an alien technique into serving his own purposes. For Mr. Arliss remains the supreme boulevard actor of the day, and absolutely refuses to consider any of the problems of film æsthetic. He is the great stage actor who has succeeded best on the films, and he succeeds by sheer force of personality, by the unbridled virtuosity of his technique. In *The Millionaire* he is just a star turn in an amusing little comedy. We revel in him, whenever he is on the stage, and become mildly restless whenever he leaves it. Most of the time he plays the part of an elderly millionaire ordered to lie up in a hydropathic. His growing bad temper, his uncontrollable irritation, is exquisitely portrayed in every detail. We could spend a whole day seeing him kick about his *chaise longue*. "Can't you imagine Daddy like that?" remarked a girl behind me, amid sympathetic giggles. But just to see Mr. Arliss polishing his pipe against his sleeve is to feel completely satisfied. No actor I have ever seen can give such a shattering impression of reality. The curious thing about Mr. Arliss is that he creates somehow the impression of being an intellectual man. His interest in his own art appears to be almost entirely objective. He seems to be looking on at himself with a remote and slightly cynical curiosity. "What am I doing in this galère?" seems to be his comment on himself. This curious remoteness makes an Arliss film a thing apart, breathes into it an air of unexpected distinction, as if one went to a film and discovered that Mr. Gladstone was playing the leading part. Mr. Arliss, in fact, is unique.

* * *

Things to see and hear in the coming week:

Saturday, May 30th—
- Ballet, "Pulcinella," "Chout," "L'Amour Sorcier," Lyceum Theatre.

Sunday, May 31st—
- C. Delisle Burns on "Intimacy and Individuality," Conway Hall, 11.

Monday, June 1st—
- "La Forza del Destino," Covent Garden.
- Ruth Draper, Vaudeville Theatre.
- "The Geisha," Daly's Theatre.
- "The Heir," by Prince Antoine Bibesco," Kingsway Theatre.
- Daisy Kennedy and Miklos Schwalb, Beethoven Recital, Grotrian Hall, 8.30.
- "Timon of Athens," Maddermarket Theatre, Norwich.

Tuesday, June 2nd—
- Dettmar Dressel, Grotrian Hall, 8.30.
- Oriana Madrigal Society, Æolian Hall, 8.15.
- Raymonde Collignon, Recital of Old French and English Songs, Children's Theatre, Endell Street.
- "The Sign of the Seven Dials," Cambridge Theatre.
- Debate on "Defaming the Modern Young Person," between Capt. Gilbert Frankau and Miss Pamela Frankau, London School of Economics, 5.30.

Wednesday, June 3rd—
- "A Knight Passed By," by Jan Fabricius, Ambassadors Theatre.

Friday, June 5th—
- Raymonde Collignon, Recital of Old French and English Songs, Children's Theatre, Endell Street.

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

Travel Supplement

Vol. I. No. 14 (New Series) SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1931 Additional Pages

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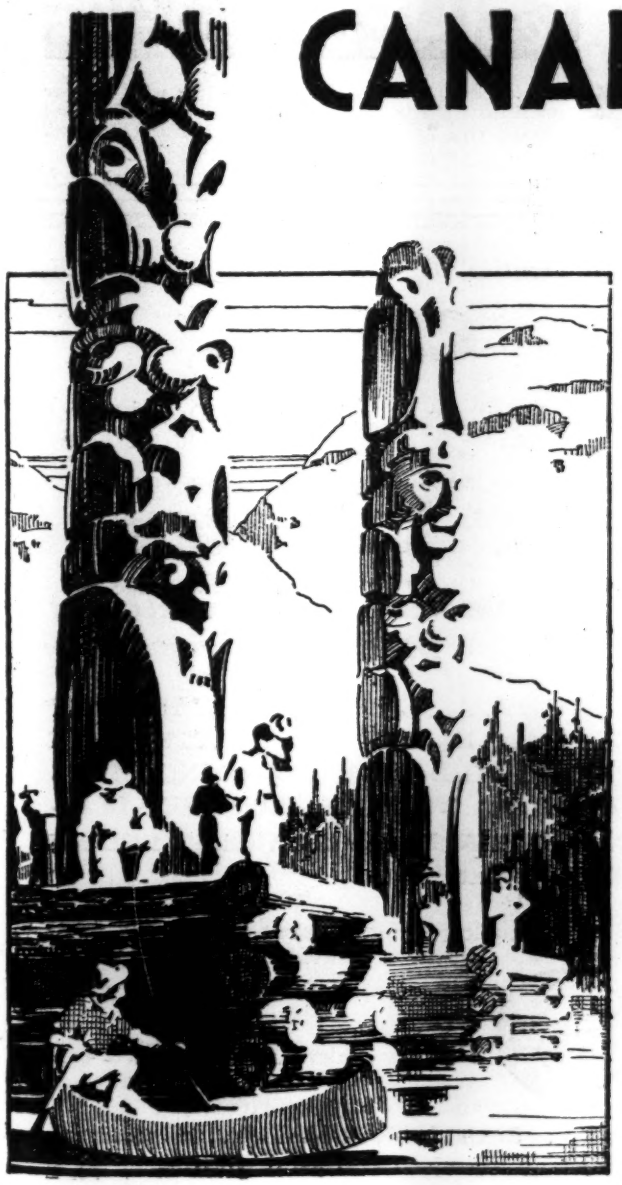

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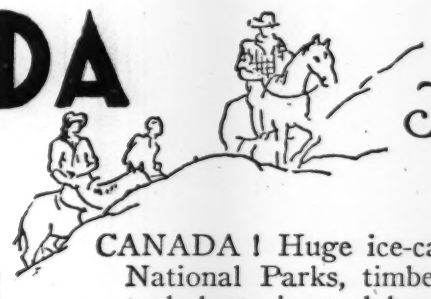

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THE ROOT OF THE EVIL AND ITS CURE

TO some of us who have been fighting our particular dragon in our own countryside, the Town and Country Planning Bill, so long gestating and so impatiently expected, has brought sorry comfort. Even such assistance as some of its many fathers predict that it would give us has now been counteracted by the Government's land values proposals. This has certainly not revived our drooping hopes; but considerations of the situation thus created, which in the lighthearted pre-war days would have been cheered by our sense of humour, are of a purely political order, pointing once again to the necessity for a smaller Cabinet with the accompanying organisation which would ensure proper co-ordination of the policies of different Government Departments and their Ministers. I have not, however, been asked to write upon that side of the question, but to deal with the practical aspects of the countryside from our own special experience in the Cotswolds.

Here our particular dragon is a very father of lies, expressing himself in buildings false to the hard-won truths of local architectural tradition and mendacious in their interpretation of any æsthetic canon. Other Worms, engendered in post-war putrescence and common to the whole of England, also trail over this countryside, but none of them quite so immediately maleficent, or so prolific in their spawn. We have, therefore, concentrated our main attack on the greatest and most obvious danger, following the practical course by which Englishmen have generally achieved betterment, and knowing from the experience of our ancestors that the eradication of a major evil will produce a soil in which kindred minor abuses cannot thrive. So that while in logical and theoretical argument we might be forced into the admission that it does not matter so much *where* you build as *what* you build, the fundamental practical principle on which we base our policy is that once public opinion is re-educated to a sense of æsthetic suitability in individual buildings everything else will follow. If anyone is doubtful of this principle let him visit, as I did recently, a part of the country where things are infinitely worse than they are in the Cotswolds and provide a cruder and more elementary object-lesson.

I was sent last month for rest and reinvigoration back to what had always seemed to me in my boyhood as the most beautiful of all scenery, and returning to North Devon after forty or more years I still found its natural charm and splendour overwhelming and unsurpassed by anything I had seen in my manhood's wanderings over many different parts of the world. But during the last fifteen years or more man had been waging war with nature, driving her back into the sea until her domain had been restricted to a fringe along the shore in many parts no more than a few hundred yards deep. Here, if anywhere, was it literally true that "man marks the earth with ruin—his control stops with the shore." The dimensions of your communings with nature had, indeed, been so reduced that a rigid ritual had to be self-imposed if spiritual contact were to be established—you had to plant your feet firmly in a fixed stance, with your back to all the works of man and your gaze sternly limited to the sea and the rocks, or the gorse and heather at your feet. If for one moment you turned your averted head a vision of ugliness met you, such as only the outspoken Elizabethan English of Edmund Spenser could describe so as to give safe outlet to your feelings.

But (and I say this with a full appreciation of the work being and yet to be done by the Town and Regional Planner) it was not the ribbon development, it was not the hideous alignment of suburban villas and bungalows that shocked all your decent feelings and threw a sordid suffocation over your enjoyment—it was the concentration in each staring individual frontage of untruthfulness, vicious art and imported profiteering. It was the evil behind expressed in each of these "elevations" which had made ribbon development, reckless spacing and jarring juxtaposition an inevitable consequence.

And here in parenthesis let me repeat what I feel cannot be said too often. The devoted work of the National Trust, for which every lover of England is grateful, is being sapped and threatened, in many instances almost as soon as it has been completed, by this reckless building. As I have often said before of our own Minchinhampton Common, one of their acquisitions, so of another, that unsurpassable "beauty spot" Morte Point, it is true that its value consists largely in its setting, and that this is being rapidly depreciated by the buildings springing up within sight from them. Stand on Morte Point and look landwards and ask yourself whether the foxes in their holes and the fowls of the air in their nests must not ridicule among themselves the dwellings that man makes for himself and his kind.

To return to the Cotswolds. In the last two years our Gloucestershire Branch of the Council for the Preservation of Rural England has surprised even its own members by the influence it has obtained. I believe that unless a new attack is sprung upon us, e.g., in connection with the land values proposals, we have effectively and permanently retarded the spread of bad building. Stimulated by Sir Philip Stott the large landowners are binding themselves together in an undertaking not to countenance it on their estates. The poor man is being encouraged to fight for something for which, if he had Gloucestershire blood in his veins, he always cared, but in whose defence he was losing heart. This has been brought about by voluntary effort and by appeals to local patriotism resulting in a re-educated public opinion—infinitely more potent than any form of centralised direction to ensure the preservation of the distinctive charm which Cotswold architecture has contributed to an originally rich national stock. In short, my own conviction is that we are strong enough to win this battle without Central Government assistance if the local authorities have immediately placed at their disposal the simple, straightforward out-and-out power to say no to any proposal to erect an unsightly building. This is known technically as giving them control of elevations—about the only thing which, for some incomprehensible reason, they are not permitted to interfere with. This could be bestowed on them by the simplest and shortest of legislative measures. If then, and this is the first essential to success, Lord Crawford's admirable Council for the Preservation of Rural England plays its part, and energetically develops in all the counties branches as full of voluntary zeal as those in Gloucestershire and some other counties, then our countryside will be preserved at practically no cost to the tax or ratepayer. This council embraces all kindred associations; it has as its chairman an architect who has been a pioneer in the movement, and by every possible means it should be encouraged by the Government.

In the present state of the country's finances it seems unnecessary that, in so far as they affect the countryside (I believe they are required in the towns), the provisions of the new Town and Country Planning Bill should be put into force until voluntary effort has been given a fair chance of doing the work itself. When in any way it discloses incompetence or impotence further control and safeguards may be imposed.

FABIAN WARE.

TWO KINGDOMS

"ONE night we got the order to march. In a few minutes every man was on parade in full war equipment. The enthusiasm was great. We were going to show those Norwegians, after all! And then, at the last moment, came a countermanding telegram. For that night it hung in the balance; then there was no more danger. Afterwards we heard how it had happened, how King Oscar had kept pointing to his own motto on the coins which speaks of 'the brother peoples,' and how the generals had wept and broken their swords over their knees." The separation of Norway and Sweden in 1906 had always interested me, as one of those "unthinkable, unnatural" wars that are, somehow or other, just the wars that happen, but which, in this case, was averted, without the aid of the League of Nations, by an acute outbreak of common sense verging on the miraculous. "And now," added the Swedish ex-officer who was my travelling companion on the Norway boat, as he rang for another glass of schnapps, "we are the best of friends."

But of course. So much so that the traveller may well wonder why the break, so hard to justify by geography, race, or even language, should have been necessary at all. It is a first impression which he is likely to amend if his stay in the two countries be protracted beyond the space thought sufficient by the organisers of cruises "To the Northern Capitals." The usual generalisations can be rapidly set down: Sweden, aristocratic, military, or at least not forgetful of her military past, conservative, respectful of tradition; Norway, democratic, hail-fellow-well-met, a little raw and noisy. Which is rather superficial and not altogether exact. I doubt, for example, if the Swedish army, for all its smart uniforms and talent for reproducing the pageantry of Gustavus and Charles XII, would make a more soothing impression on the average Guards officer than the slovenly but cheerful Norwegian soldier. And the Norwegian women have, I think, a surer sense of clothes than the Swedes and are not so apt to surrender to the yellow waterproof, the summer uniform of feminine Scandinavia.

The real distinction is the profounder one between a people whose tradition is all of a piece, and one from whose history three centuries are missing. The Swedes are at once surer and more cautious (they have, after all, learned one severe lesson in their life as a nation), the Norwegians more assertive in their clutch on a remote past, more masterful in the demands they make on the present. Their countryside is an odd *mélange* of huge red wooden barns, painted thus ever since the copper ore was found at Falun in the thirteenth century, and of the most modern American fencing, of electric lights and the pipes and pylons of huge power units. Sweden lives by agriculture and industry, Norway by shipping and whaling. The Norwegian is a speculator and an adventurer. It is easy come, easy go with him, and he is apt to live up to the last penny of his income.

Possibly this is the reason for the vigorous life of theatre and restaurant which one finds in Oslo, smaller though it is than Stockholm, and of less note as a metropolis. Its theatres—there are half a dozen of them in a city considerably smaller than Edinburgh—are the best in Scandinavia; its revues have a sparkle and wit which suggest the presence of some Norse C. B. Cochran. Though Denmark has probably the best cuisine outside France (I implore those who visit Copenhagen not to miss Krogh's fish restaurant), Oslo, with less variety, has the same lightness of touch. You will find the old Norway still alive in the seclusion of Englebrekt's restaurant facing the Bank of Norway, though for real picturesqueness you must go to *Den Gyldene Freden* in Stockholm.

Swedish hospitality, in spite of the irritating and petty liquor regulations, is mediæval in scale. One is trapped into disaster by an ambush of *smörgaasbord;* one fancies one is dealing with the enemy's main army, to find that, alas, it was but a screen of light skirmishing troops. But I would not give the impression that Sweden conquers by sheer weight, for, if there is one thing above all others it possesses, it is style and a gift for gesture. One misses this among the charming Norwegians, and perhaps it accounts for the present mastery of the Swedes in architecture and applied arts. And if they do not have the dark reserves of spiritual intensity of their neighbours, well, it is a lack one forgives readily as one sits in a Stockholm wine-cellar listening to the songs of Bellman, or on the Opera Terrace with a quarter-bottle of punch in the ice-bucket and the endless northern sunset quivering in the sky beyond the spires of Riddarholmen.

G. M. Thomson.

CANADA

RAPID communications are at last bringing home to our people the truth that Canada is one of the most magnificent holiday countries in the world. Magnificence, obviously, is nothing for the tourist without accessibility, and the outstanding fact in relation to Canada is that the Atlantic passage and the great railway systems of the Dominion are now so organised that distances which once seemed, and were, unmanageable, have been brought within the compass of a holiday such as may, with little difficulty, be worked into the business or professional man's normal year.

Of course, if the tourists' Canada be thought of as necessarily including the Rocky Mountains, it would hardly be possible to discuss the Dominion as a country for the British tourist in ordinary circumstances, this article being written mainly for those who, governed by conditions of time and money, are obliged to think in terms of a month or little more in summer or autumn. There are many, however, who, being in Canada, would refuse to return without a sight of the Rockies. Theirs is the right spirit; and for such the word of aid and comfort is that a tour of six weeks can be made to include much of what is finest in the West, while with a minimum of two months one can have more than a glimpse of all the grandest scenes in the Canadian Rockies—of Mount Robson and Jasper Park, for example, of the glory of Banff, and that setting of Lake Louise which Canadians hold to be unexcelled by any landscape of lake and mountain in the Old World.

Let us, however, assume that for the majority of tourists the Rockies are out of bounds: what is there among the holiday grounds of Canada that we may regard as practicable for the busy man and woman from England?

First, the St. Lawrence. No country in the world has a nobler gateway and central waterway than this. The largest liners go up to Quebec and Montreal, which means three days' steaming beyond the open Atlantic. The voyager who takes this route is offered on landing a remarkably wide range of choice. From Quebec City with its perfect situation and still unimpaired French style, he may explore the villages of French Canada or plunge into the forests. From Montreal he may go up among the Laurentian Mountains, a gorgeous playground, or move on to Toronto and the Great Lakes. Steamers will take him in any direction across them, or he may prefer—and be justified in so doing—to enjoy the characteristic delights of Ontario, which is extraordinarily rich in rivers and lakes, mountain and forest.

Again, in the Thirty Thousand Islands of Georgian Bay the province has a possession that is without a parallel in the world. The islands are actually many more than 30,000; the Government survey makes them over 48,000, and they furnish every kind of maritime sport during a long season of glowing sunshine.

The St. Lawrence, needless to say, is not the only gateway into Canada. If the voyager from Europe has planned his holiday in the Maritime Provinces he will disembark at Halifax, Nova Scotia, or St. John, New Brunswick, and will then have within his reach a range of the finest beaches and rivers unsurpassed even in this land of glorious rivers. And here, as in every region of Canada from the Atlantic seaboard to Lake Winnipeg, the canoe will take him into a boundless realm of health and enchantment.

There are two aspects of the Canadian holiday that are especially important—one immediately practical and the other political or educational.

The first has to do with the comfort of travel and the thoroughness with which the Canadian people have solved the problem of convenience and amenity in camp and hotel. There should be no need to say that unless the tourist belongs to that unfortunate minority for whom the bare sight or thought of the sea is misery, the Atlantic voyage itself is an invaluable refreshment. Throughout the six months between April and October it is enjoyable on a modern liner, for every normal passenger. And beyond the Atlantic everything is made right for the tourist. The Canadian trains, for day and night travel, are excellent and are continuously being improved. Canada is wonderfully provided with hotels, in cities and holiday resorts alike, while the Canadians have attained a remarkable degree of intelligent arrangement in every kind of camp and hut equipment for river and lake, hills or forest. Whether you are travelling by steamer or canoe, on horseback or by car; whether hunting or fishing, riding, boating or hiking, you can depend upon finding accommodation and service equal to the very best.

The second point is one upon which we home-staying Britons badly need education. To travel in Canada is to be given an impressive demonstration of Greater Britain. The consolidation of the great Dominion has brought, of necessity, a growing consciousness of Canadian nationhood, and the lessening of emigration under modern conditions has meant that the direct contacts between Canada and the homes of Britain are not at present increasing. Our people, as a whole, are extraordinarily ignorant of Canada—of its natural glories, of its people and their marvellous achievements and progress. One month spent between the Maritime Provinces and Western Ontario, even if the Prairie Provinces and the Rockies have to be omitted, means an experience compact of exhilaration and enlightenment. Or, to put it in a word, without direct knowledge of Canada it is impossible to envisage the splendid reality of the British heritage overseas.

S. K. RATCLIFFE.

THE ADIRONDACKS

AS compensation for Tammany Hall and Jack Diamond and similar products of civilisation, New York State is blessed with one of the natural playgrounds of the world: a mountainous forest-district about sixty miles square in which most of the valleys hold lakes or rivers. The mountains are on a small scale, the highest being 5,400 feet; but since they rise three or four thousand feet straight up from the valleys, they seem higher than they actually are. This wilderness lies just south of the Canadian border, and was once the beaver-hunting grounds of the Adirondack, or Algonquin, Indians. The country is cold and rough, and may, therefore, never be ravaged by man. Even in high summer the nights are frosty, and in winter the temperature often drops to forty degrees below zero. So unless someone discovers a way to make petrol out of hemlock trees, the Adirondacks are scarcely worth exploiting, and as a result the State of New York has been prevailed upon to turn most of the district into a permanent preserve. The most mountainous section—where, within twenty square miles, there are forty peaks of over four thousand feet—is far too steep for roads; except for a few trails through the forest and occasional shelters built by the Adirondack Club, the landscape has remained unchanged since before the coming of the white man. It is perfect country for a walking holiday.

In the spring the Adirondacks are uninhabitable because of insects, and in winter they are too cold for man to venture far from the settlements; but in summer they are friendly. And the contrast between the heat of the sun and the chill of the shade under the trees gives these woods a unique fragrance: hot balsam and bracken and sweet fern mingling with the bitter fresh smell of cold earth and wet moss and decaying logs. Some of the peaks have trails to the top; others have to be climbed by compass-course through the original forest. In one place an avalanche has laid bare the entire side of a mountain, so the rock-climber also can find amusement. At night it is easy to build a shelter of hemlock and balsam boughs—and a day's walk will always lead out of the forest to a village where provisions can be had. It is this combination of the solitude and ruggedness of a real wilderness with sufficient accessibility so that a camping trip is neither expensive nor really difficult, that makes the Adirondacks so good a refuge and playground for city-dwelling man.

For those who can stand very cold nights, the autumn is the perfect season in these woods, for then they have a madness of colour peculiar to the colder sections of North America. The maples turn lacquer-red, and the birches and beeches get the yellow of Chinese silk. To stand on a mountain-top in the midst of this wilderness, with other peaks rising all about like waves of an enormous ocean, and to see nothing in any direction but miles of brilliant forest, is an experience that makes it easier to bear up under modern New York.

HERBERT AGAR.

IRELAND

IT is hard to say whether Ireland has suffered more from those who stayed away to blame, or from those who came to praise. From Thackeray's day to our own, jokes about the unpunctuality of Irish railways, the discomforts of Irish hotels, and the naive stupidity of the Irish peasant have become so much a part of the stock-in-trade of tired humorists that Irish picture-postcard sellers even to-day derive the bulk of their revenue from ridiculous pictures that are not only quite absurdly out of date, but a libel on Ireland and the Irish. Since Scott's day, too, Ireland has suffered from a host of rapturous and distinguished visitors whose enthusiasm for the Irish countryside, unfortunately, has only been equalled by their inability to express it in straightforward prose. Ireland seems to have a tongue-tying effect on those who come to praise her. Even Alfred Austin, a wretched poet who normally was not abashed or embarrassed by the size of his theme, was bereft of adjectives when he visited Ireland in the 'eighties, and was reduced to writing such a sentence as "I own to being as much delighted with Connemara as with Killarney, with Achill almost as much as with unequalled Glengarriff"—a remark which is quoted in a well-

known guide-book as showing to what heights Ireland has inspired English poets laureate! The result, of course, has been that English travellers have either been scared away by nightmare visions of a country in which the railway time-tables exist to show not the hour at which trains start, but the hour before which they positively will not start, or, becoming highly sceptical of undocumented enthusiasm, have thought it wiser to eat their words and go back once more to Aix or Le Touquet or the high Pyrennees. And so, since civilisations move westwards, and trippers and tourists from west to east, they have left Ireland unvisited; the short crossing between Holyhead and Dun Laoghaire, or between Stranraer and Larne in the north, has become as formidable an obstacle as the Atlantic.

But let us be quite frank about Ireland's unpopularity as a country unfit for tourists, and admit that until the Irish Free State came into existence in 1922 good hotels were found only in the towns or in some district exclusively populated at the season of the year by English fishermen. Even to-day hotels in Ireland are by no means as common as they are anywhere in France, but they are much more plentiful than they were before the Treaty, and the proprietors are learning that good cooking is second in importance only to cleanliness. Their charges, too, have been considerably reduced, so that a holiday in Connemara to-day need be no more expensive than a holiday in Cumberland.

But the most important transformation that has come over the Irish landscape since the Treaty has been the roads. The Free State, when they came to put their house in order, realised that the surest way of attracting tourist traffic was by making better roads. From what in some cases were no more than bog-tracks they are making a system of roads that will soon be as good as any to be found in England or in the north of Spain. To-day you can motor from, say, Achill to Galway, a distance of over sixty miles, on a road in the wildest part of the West which will draw admiration from even the most hardened motorists. And in the North you will find the coast road from Larne to Ballycastle, one of the loveliest stretches in the whole of the island, as well surfaced as the Thames Embankment.

Most travellers in an effort to assert their independence avoid the "show places" of which their friends have sent them picture postcards. That sort of thing is frequently rewarded on the Continent by the discovery of the forgotten. But this is not so in Ireland. The tourist visiting Ireland for the first time must see the "sights," and refuse to be put off by the blandishments of the guide-books. He must see Killarney and Galway and Achill on the west coast; he must see Donegal and the Glens of Antrim in the North; he must see Dublin and the Wicklow Mountains. After that he may begin to explore such lesser-known places as Lough Erne in County Fermanagh or Strangford Lough in County Down. For Ireland is the complete justification of the sloppy language of the guide-book; and not even Benedict's opera has been able to ruin Killarney.

H. L. Morrow.

UP THE RHINE

THE boat reaches the Hook in the early morning. You know it is Holland by the ribbon of coast, a touch of green in the uniforms of the customs house and a certain sandiness about the stolid faces, and by the plate of sausage and cheese which awaits you in the dining-car. Below an empty sky a church sits squat in the distance like a fossil cat. You see it miles away and the train seems to circle round it, keeping its distance. After a period of apparent checkmate, you are suddenly, like the railway passengers in *Alice through the Looking-glass*, moved into the next square. A German ticket-collector like a military officer patrols the corridor.

What you are looking out for, of course, is a corner seat with a view of the Rhine. The seat is easily reserved, but you must know in advance which side of the carriage you want to sit. Some of the trains go up the right bank of the river, others up the left. The Rheingold Express, I believe, is one of the few which keep to the left. By calculation and bluff you should be able to move the other passengers round (or hustle them out for the early lunch) so that you have the best position. And then the Rhine! It is like the postcards—but, of course, you shouldn't miss it. Each castle, picturesquely ruined on its mound, is followed by the craning heads. What next? Another castle, another cliff. What an empty feeling at last the Lorelei brings, like the rising of the curtain at Covent Garden on the old props! But when you are tired of looking for magnificence, and finding it and being damnably bored, the details of the scene are entrancing: the river-craft, long barges and their tugs, the sweep of fir-trees over a hill, a village or two below the train, so small and near that you seem to roar through the market-places. Cologne, with its airy battleship-grey buildings rising round the river is superb. I was craning my neck to get a glimpse of the cathedral when an excited woman, pointing across me at the platform, screamed, "I do believe, my dear, that that is dear Dr. Adrian Boult." And sure enough, on the platform arguing in voluble German about the price of a packet of cigarettes, was the musical director of the B.B.C.

My memories of the rest of the journey are disjointed. After Cologne, there is no stretch of country as bleak and devastated as the Ruhr, which one passes in the morning. The towns, I remember, were neat and prosperous, and there were twenty miles of lovely pinewood hills, not so high perhaps as the Vosges, but more thickly wooded and of a deeper green. The train kept to the heights and curved charmingly round little secret valleys, quiet in the evening. When we crawled into Würtzburg it was already dark. Most of the passengers were going on the same night to Nürnberg, a good hundred miles further, but a few left the train and straggled out into the town.

Würtzburg is delightful, the most natural, quietest, easiest, loveliest town in Bavaria. It is not preserved, like Rothenburg; it lacks the provincial fête and opera of Nürnberg. The trippers' sand-shoes and cameras seem in place, as they do in some seaside towns. Everyone walks about the uneven streets comfortably in the evening, and it is not too crowded. The centre of the town is on the right bank of Maine, and one looks across the river from the cafés on the wharf at a high wall of parched ground on which the vineyards are lined like formal rock-plants. On a Sunday morning the whole town walks across the bridge and up the wall along narrow concealed paths, slowly up and up, towards a tower and a beer-garden which are invisible from the level. There they sit in the broiling sun drinking beer and eating pork-cutlets at eleven in the morning—the older people, that is, and the visitors. Close by, in a temperature of 90 degrees in the shade, young men and girls race seriously round a cinder-track and jump and throw weights. English blazers and pullovers are the rage. In the next valley I drank beer and smoked a cigar with an innkeeper who talked to me about England. He thought that I was a commercial traveller, and pointed out to me as a townsman the prosperous crops and vineyards round us. He knew only one thing about England, that we English were all very rich, that all the gold must be there, and though I said no, he smilingly insisted,

G. W. Stonier.

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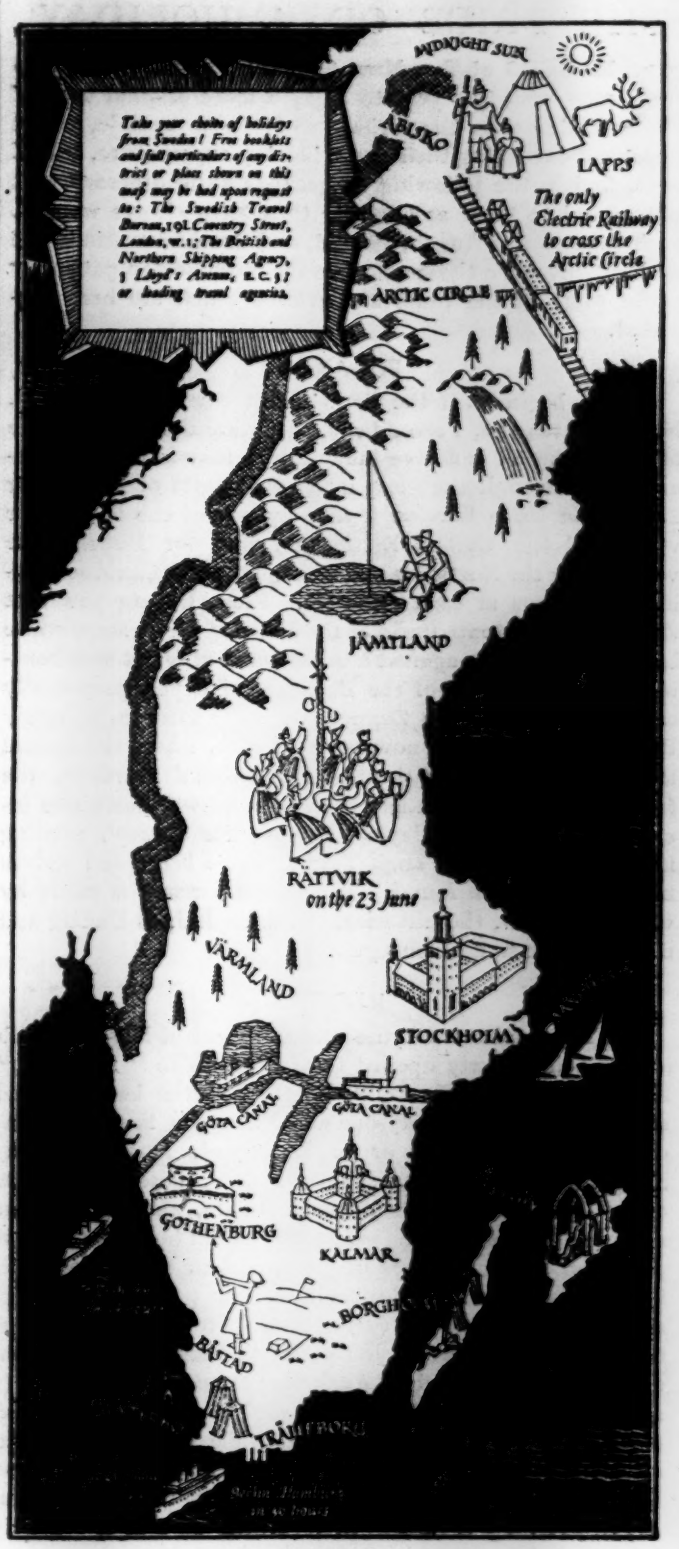
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THE PRICE OF A HOLIDAY

READERS of The New Statesman and Nation who may wish this year to enjoy a more original type of holiday than has perhaps so far been possible, yet at a cost not exceeding their usual holiday expenditure, will, I hope, find in the following suggestions some itinerary that will appeal to them as the tour they have always wanted. Such countries as Russia, Poland, and Czechoslovakia invite exploration, while those who like the more beaten path may prefer some of the tours and cruises which are here suggested.

POLAND.

Let us begin with the little-known country of Poland. Not many readers, I should-say, are aware that it is possible to undertake an inclusive independent tour lasting twenty-one days through the most interesting parts of Poland for £30. You leave London Bridge by one of the fine motor vessels of the United Baltic Company for Danzig, the voyage over the North Sea and through the Kiel Canal occupying three days in each direction. From Danzig you visit Zoppot, " the Monte Carlo of the North," whose snow-white buildings, standing against a background of forest and fronting the intense blue of the Baltic, remind you perpetually of the Riviera. From Zoppot you go to Poznan, formerly Posen, a German city now turned Polish, where the annual trade exhibition, the beautiful Zoological Gardens, the former imperial palace and the cathedral will delay you inevitably two days. Beyond Poznan lies Cracow, nestling in the shadow of the High Tatras, where bears and wolves may even now be found. The return journey is made by way of Warsaw, the historical Polish capital, to Danzig and thence by sea to London again.

RUSSIA.

Still more unknown is the vast continent of Russia, which is now being slowly opened to visitors. The " Intourist " Bureau (at Bush House, Aldwych, London) has arranged a most attractive twenty-one days' inclusive tour to Leningrad, Moscow, Kiev, or to Leningrad, Moscow, Nijni-Novgorod, Kineshma, Ivanovo and Voznesensk for £25 only. You stay twelve days in Russia, and second-class accommodation is provided, as well as full board and transportation costs. Groups of not less than ten persons will be accepted, but it is desirable to form parties of twenty, as then a special railway carriage will be reserved throughout the tour. If, however, you prefer to visit Russia independently, you can travel by Anglo-Soviet boat to Leningrad (I am acquainted with these ships and have found them exceedingly comfortable and clean, while the food is of excellent quality) for £16 4s. second-class return. From Leningrad it is possible to visit Moscow in three to four days, including sight-seeing trips, and the cost of living in Russia works out at about £1 a head per day. So you can stay twelve days in Leningrad and Moscow for £12 inclusive, provided, of course, that your passport and visa are in order—it is most important to get these passed by the " Intourist " office before you start—and you will be able to see a great deal of present conditions in the U.S.S.R.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

Czechoslovakia, again, is wonderful country to explore. Crossing the Tatra Mountains, which form the boundary between this land and Poland, you reach a district of green hills and fertile valleys, watered by the River Danube, In Czechoslovakia are situated such famous centres as Marienbad, the spa and cure resort, Pilsen, where the most famous lager in Europe is brewed, and Prague, the city of John Huss. A delightful three weeks' tour in Czechoslovakia costs thirty-five guineas, and includes a break of journey in Germany en route. I recommend in particular the programme of the Arlington Touring Club. By it you visit not only Prague, Strbske Pleso in the Tatras, Bratislava, and other historical places, but pass on your outward journey through Dresden, where arrangements are made to inspect the pottery works at Meissen nearby, Königstein, a magnificent rocky resort in the most beautiful part of Saxony and Schandau on the Elbe, returning by way of Vienna and Budapest, this part of the tour being made by steamer down the Danube. The tour is inclusive of everything, and departures take place on July 25th and August 22nd.

AUSTRIA AND HUNGARY.

Those who desire a more detailed exploration of Hungary, coupled with a visit to Austria, might consider favourably a tour of a fortnight to Vienna, the Tyrol and Budapest, at an inclusive cost of £25. The return fare from London to Budapest, by the Orient Express, is £16, and the through journey takes 38 hours. I would suggest, however, a stay of at least four days at Vienna, where accommodation can be had for as little as 6s. a day inclusive. But even before Vienna, I would leave the train at Rosenheim, proceed via Kufstein to Innsbruck and visit the Brenner Pass. This little detour would be very inexpensive and enable me to glimpse the best of the Tyrol. Returning to Rosenheim, I would continue to Vienna and Budapest, accomplishing the latter part of the journey, of course, by steamer. It is not as well known as it ought to be that Budapest itself is a spa with upwards of eighty medicinal springs. High above the Danube stand the lofty towers of the city, which at night blaze with light, inviting every visitor to partake of her hospitality.

ITALY.

From Austria it is but a step into Italy, and here we reach comparatively well-known territory. Nearly every travel agency advertises tours to Venice, the Dolomites, the Italian Riviera or Rome. As these tours are organised with a view to saving the traveller as much worry and inconvenience as possible, while assuring that he shall see the utmost that is to be seen in the time at his disposal, it is advisable in the majority of cases to follow the advice given. Thus the fifteen days' Round Italy tour planned by Messrs. Frame's at an inclusive cost of 29 guineas, covers all that many intending visitors would wish to see. You visit in turn Lugano, Milan, Venice, Florence, Rome, Genoa, Milan again, Montreux and Paris, and in each of these places a guide accompanies you to the principal sights. If you would prefer to stay in one place, however, you can settle for a fortnight, under the auspices of the Workers' Travel Association, at the picturesque town of Arona on Lake Maggiore, which is not too hot in summer and where boating, bathing and rambling can be enjoyed under ideal conditions. Such a fortnight would cost £14 17s. 6d., and a visit of a month can be made for £20 16s. 6d. The price includes steamer excursions to Stresa, Milan and the Borromean Islands. The house where you stay is under the personal management of the Workers' Travel Association, whose hosts are in attendance to help English visitors. The W.T.A. also organise for £21 inclusive a fifteen days' tour to the Dolomites and Venice.

FRANCE.

France is so familiar to the majority of English holiday-makers that it is difficult to indicate original tours. Most visitors to Paris will wish to see the Colonial Exhibition, which is somewhat larger than Wembley, and more compact. All the colonial villages will be represented as well

IRELAND

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An unique opportunity of a visit to Central Asia and the Turksib Railway will occur in August, when a party of tourists will proceed from Leningrad by special train via Moscow, Syzran (Volga), the Ural Steppes to Frunze, and Alma-Ata, and thence along the Turksib Railway. The tourists will see Tashkent, Fergan, Samarkand, Bokhara, Merv, etc., the architectural monuments of the past history of those lands, and the great constructive results of the October Revolution. The return will be via Kislovodsk and across the Caspian to Baku, Kiev, and Shepetovka on the Polish Frontier. The journey will commence on the 25th August and last about 35 days. The cost is £202.

INTOURIST,

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as exhibits of French trade in all parts of the world. An interesting way to visit Paris is to fly from Croydon by one of the Imperial Airways liners. Flying saves time and money, as is apparent when you consider the cost of hotel bills, caused by unavoidable delays in travel. The return fare by air to Paris is £7 19s. 6d., and the journey takes only two and a half hours. A delightful all-French holiday would be to book from London to Ajaccio, in Corsica, travelling by air all the way and breaking your journey at Marseilles on the outward route and Paris on the return. The whole trip to Corsica occupies but ten hours' flying time, as against thirty by train and boat, and the approximate cost would be £25 return. Hotels on the island are cheap and good, while the attractions include wonderful mountain scenery, excellent bathing beaches, fishing and shooting in the forests.

CRUISES.

For those who like the sea the various shipping companies offer most attractive programmes. A luxury cruise of more than usual interest is the Blue Star Line tour to Norway, Sweden and Denmark. Boats leave throughout the summer, visiting Bergen, Copenhagen, Stockholm, and other ports. The fares vary from 20 guineas upwards for cruises of thirteen days, but I would specially recommend the tour of nineteen days leaving August 15th to Oslo, Christiansund, Zoppot, Riga, Stettin, Hamburg, Rotterdam, as this gives opportunity of visiting places not included in any other itinerary. The all-round fare is 30 guineas. A shorter cruise to the northern capitals is offered by the C.P.R. liner *Empress of Australia*, at 20 guineas for a fortnight, sailing on July 31st. The White Star liner *Calgaric* will include an excellent fourteen days' round trip to the northern capitals and Kiel Canal, sailing from Immingham Dock on August 18th, for £23 inclusive.

American tours will be more popular than ever this year, and the Cunard Line is running a series of cheap holiday crossings to New York for £38 return. Tourist third on these ships is quite comfortable, and when you land further tours are arranged covering Niagara Falls, Washington and Philadelphia for as little as £10 15s. extra.

On June 12th, the Orient liner *Orford* is making a sixteen days' inclusive tour to Arosa Bay, Teneriffe, Las Palmas, Madeira and Tangier, fares being only £25 from London to London. A more original type of holiday perhaps is the Orient and Daimlerways combined tour, by which you may sail first-class from London to Toulon by Orient liner, stay a few days on the Riviera and return overland to Paris by motor-car. The inclusive cost of this trip is £35 for fifteen days, and you not only have seven days' delightful sea travel but on the return journey you visit Nice, Aix-les-Bains, Grenoble, Geneva, the Jura Mountains, and Paris.

Those who have more time at their disposal may like to take advantage of the Booth line special cruise to Lisbon and South America, lasting six weeks for £90 inclusive. The R.M.S. *Hildebrand* leaves Liverpool on July 14th and September 12th for these tours, calling en route at Leixoes, Lisbon, Madeira, Para and Manaos. The voyage includes a journey of 1,000 miles up the Amazon river and would indeed be a dream-cruise for those who can afford it. Shorter tours to Madeira cost only £20 return from Liverpool, first-class, and are most enjoyable summer trips.

Another ideal holiday at sea is offered by the Blue Funnel Line which runs special summer tours to Egypt at a return fare of £35. You sail from Liverpool, the voyage taking approximately thirty days. I would certainly suggest this tour to readers in search of something out of the ordinary.

Those who prefer a holiday in England may find the towns they like in one of the many booklets issued by the differing travel agencies—Cook's, Pickford's, Dean and Dawson's, or the Co-operative Holidays Association.

Christopher Marlowe.

A TRAVEL BOOK WEEK

THE idea of a "Week" during which co-operative efforts are made to draw the attention of the public to some special subject has caught on in America and in Germany and there are signs that it is spreading to this country. One can imagine "Weeks" which one would regard with dismay or even revulsion: "Cosmetic Week," for instance, or a "Funeral Week" during which the public would be exhorted to "Bury Them with Beauty." But one can also imagine "Weeks" of genuine value. Such a one is the Travel Book Week (June 1st—6th) which is being organised by the National Book Council.

The N.B.C. has for its objects "The Promotion of Book Reading and the Wider Distribution of Books." In the past it has organised "Book Weeks" in various provincial towns. The forthcoming effort, however, is on a larger scale. The summer, with its long days and varied choice of open-air amusements, tends to be a lean time for the Book Trade. This should not be so, of course. In a really civilised country the Book Trade would be immune from slumps. But though we are still far from that we can at least approve of a serious attempt to assist.

The object of the Travel Book Week is to connect up the idea of holiday travel with books and so to stimulate a general interest in books and reading. To this end the N.B.C. has approached Public Librarians, publishers and booksellers. The librarians have been asked to draw attention to the literature of travel. It has been suggested to publishers that during the Week their press advertisements should lay emphasis on the travel books on their lists. Booksellers have been well catered for with special publicity material, including posters, poster-showcards, and poster stamps, all of which are supplied to them free or at nominal rates. In return they have been asked to co-operate by arranging window displays of travel and holiday books; by devoting a portion of the shop to such books; by circularising customers; by displaying the poster on local hoardings and by advertising the Week over their names in the local press; and by pushing pocket editions as an essential item in holiday luggage. So much for the trade, which will doubtless, in its own interests, back the scheme wholeheartedly. There remains, however, the public. To what extent will it respond? There are indications that co-operative publicity can be made effective. Other things being equal the beneficial results of co-operation are more widespread, in the long run, than those of competition. From that point of view alone, therefore, this effort is worth supporting. The ethical side of the question—the moral and spiritual value of good books—need not be stressed here. But there is also a practical side.

It is improvident to count on fine weather—or on the stock-in-trade of the local bookshop. Deliberately to neglect the possibilities of a district is to curtail one's chances of enjoying oneself there. And he is a fool who buys experience for £20 in an hotel when a two-shilling guide-book, purchased beforehand, would have shown that the place itself was quite unsuitable. In his own interests, therefore, the intending holiday-goer should keep his eye on bookshop windows during the first week in June. It is likely that he will pick up an idea or two for his holiday—or even a book or two to take with him! It may be better to travel hopefully than to arrive. It is certainly better to travel intelligently than to grudge the price of a few books.

Jeffery E. Jeffery.

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JONATHAN CAPE THIRTY BEDFORD SQUARE LONDON

RESURRECTION

THE stars are stones of tombs which dot with white
The sallow-darkened graveyards of the sky;
Stones do not prophesy; but mourning night
Bends o'er the shining crosses; we will die.

In that far garden we will drain the cup,
The vine's gold moon cup, and our life will flee;
Then after, scattered amaranth will take up
Star garlands for our immortality.

JOHN DURKAN.

LONDON

London: A comprehensive survey of the History, Tradition and Historical Associations of Buildings and Monuments. By GEORGE CUNNINGHAM. Dent. 10s. 6d.

Mr. Cunningham's book on London contains an astonishing mass of information. It was carried through almost entirely by the united labour of himself and his wife. They trudged the highways and by-ways for years together, inspired by the idealism of zealots and the patience of ants. The severity of the work cost Mrs. Cunningham her life, and the book, with its quiet dedication, stands as a great memorial to her. When one thinks of the years of apparently unfruitful effort, the collection day by day of detail that must have piled up round the author with ever-increasing confusion, demanding Herculean efforts to sweep it into some sort of orderly piles, one feels that to criticise is only to be ungrateful and impertinent. Any suggestion that one might offer can be given only in the spirit of helpfulness and not with the intention of picking holes. No human being, no committee of human beings, sitting for a century could succeed in collecting and arranging the whole of even the most obvious knowledge about London, its history and its myth. The miracle is that Mr. Cunningham has done so much. His work and courage are comparable to those of Johnson, and a Preface such as that which introduced the Dictionary would not be out of place in this encyclopædia of London lore.

The book begins with a succinct history of London, written mainly from an outdoor point of view. That is to say, we are given a picture of its physical development, from the days of prehistoric lake-dwellers, up to modern times. In fourteen pages Mr. Cunningham presents much information about the growth of the town, particularly of its general layout and expansion, and the development of its streets.

It is interesting to learn that wheeled vehicles were rare until the introduction of coaches from Holland in 1564. What a quiet, leisurely metropolis London must have been. Even the sound of hoofs and shoe leather was muffled, for the causeways—one cannot call them roads—were unpaved, and the thin surface of beaten earth so soft that when, during a violent gale of wind, the roof of St. Mary-le-Bow was blown off, "four of the beams, each six and twenty feet long, were so deeply buried in the street that little more than four feet remained above the surface."

Even well into the Tudor period, when London had become rich with noble palaces, churches, hospitals and monasteries, the streets were "very foul and full of pits and sloughs, very perilous and noyous as well for the king's subjects on horseback as on foot and with carriage." This state of affairs continued for many more centuries. As late as 1656 the road between London and Westminster (of which the Strand and Fleet Street formed a part) was crossed by some three hundred small streams. In 1532, a law had been passed providing for the adequate paving of the streets, but it was not enforced until more than two hundred years later, in the days when London—thanks to Boswell—had become a familiar of all time. To know one's Boswell is to have walked, and smelled, and touched chains, and "taken the wall" in those narrow, broken highways. One can, indeed, almost feel oneself a ghost amongst our own skysigns and subways.

As for the conditions of the streets a century later than Boswell, we have the testimony of Dickens. To take a walk was still an adventure full of variety and surprise; buildings, costume, vivid personal idiosyncrasy, still gave interest to a stroll, an interest which can now only be found in the poorer and more disreputable quarters of the town. Even there it must soon be lost, for uniformity, in the shape of urban cleanliness and organisation, and the destruction of local signs and habits by the sporing of American bazaars and talkie-palaces, is creeping everywhere. Even our slums have lost their picturesque quality, and thus the one excuse for their existence has vanished. The cold-blooded connoisseur of these social bijoux can no longer object to their being replaced by County Council Dwellings, complete with baths in which the Bill Sikes and the Fagins can groom themselves into respectability.

The body of Mr. Cunningham's book is arranged alphabetically by street names. The author's preoccupation thus crops out again. It is one which he shares with London's two greatest lovers, Lamb and Johnson. They would certainly have built on the same plan. Johnson said that "if you wish to have a just notion of the magnitude of this city . . . you must survey the innumerable little lanes and courts." That shows the real, deeply infatuated lover of the town. Mr. Cunningham is another such victim, and that is why his book is so full and living. Nothing has been too much trouble; he has gone into every nook, cranny and dusty archive to bring to light the tiniest detail that should add to the aspect of his glorious mistress.

Even so—and such is her greatness—a casual glance at the book makes the reader ready to offer more facts and tributes. Turning to Thames Street, I see no mention of The London Spy, nor of the carvings by Grinling Gibbons in the church of St. Magnus the Martyr. But that is probably to be found elsewhere in the book. I see the Grove Tavern at Dulwich mentioned, and the fact that Byron went to Dr. Glennie's Academy on this site, and that the Saturday evening concerts there were attended by many painters, amongst them Wilkie. I believe also that David Cox lived thereabouts. His name survives in a lane hard by the tavern.

Looking up the reference to Dartmouth Street, and the old Cock Tavern, facing up Queen Anne's Gate, I could not find that Mr. Cunningham mentioned the old cockpit, which has given its name to Cockpit Steps, leading into St. James's Park. I was, accordingly, about to crow with mischievous delight; but at that moment I turned the pages to Queen Anne's Gate, and there lay the full history of the Royal Cockpit. Such are the traps into which one can fall by not approaching this book humbly enough. I can, however, see one small necessary correction. Bach's youngest son is referred to on page 319 as John Christopher Bach. This is a misprint for John Christian.

So much for niggling pinpricks, an amusing schoolboy pastime. A good critic should more usefully bestir himself to give the reader some idea of the delight with which he will lose himself in these pages; lose himself, but find London—or almost find her—that divine slut, that Pallas Athene in tattered carpet slippers; a being, an emanation, so old, wise and benevolent, that every broken heart can come to her and find self-forgetfulness.

London, even more perhaps than Paris, is a place for the solitary. She is a refuge for the conscience-stricken, and spreads her dark robe over them, warding off the scrutiny of the sun, until they have worked out some expiation, and are able to face the light again. If they fail, she charitably draws her robe closer, and hides them for ever. Nobody minds; nobody inquires. You can live as you like in this vastest human gathering in the world, and yet be a Robinson Crusoe. Hazlitt said that "there is less impertinence and more independence in London than in any other place in the kingdom." That is a quality whose austerity so often breaks the countryman. He has been nurtured in a gossiping village, where all that he did and said was discussed and corrected by neighbours. Without that familiar tyranny he finds London cold, sinister, terrifying. He almost stops men and women in the street. "For God's sake speak! Warn me, forbid me—at all costs meddle with my life, so that I may feel important to myself!" But London looks out of the eyes of these men and women whom she has made part of herself, and smiles evasively, and will not interfere. George Gissing evolved a theory of art out of this terror.

Only the true Cockney can live comfortably in that freedom. When he goes into a provincial town, or settles in a village, he breathes heavily, he is stifled by the weight of human society. Every isolated cottage becomes a spy, and he begins to look upon the simple country hearts as demons of suspicion and treachery, whose cruel tyranny could not be adequately described, even by Mr. T. F. Powys. But even the Cockney does not know his London. His day-to-day bread-and-butter-earning relationship with her is too marital. He takes her for granted. Let him browse over Mr. Cunningham's pages, and he will smile that cunning Mona Lisa-like smile which comes over a man's face when he hears of the beauty and the wonder of his own wife.

RICHARD CHURCH.

THE NEW NEAR ASIA

Conflict: Angora to Afghanistan. By ROSITA FORBES. Cassell. 15s.

Miss Forbes travelled her 8,000 miles by saloon car, train, horse and lorry. But she journeyed also with a well-garnered store of information, ethnological, political, topographical and doctrinal, with the true adventurer's indifference to risk and unusual circumstances, with a zestful observance of men, affairs and places, and with that contemptuous-tolerant sense of the ridiculous which is so necessary to the maintenance of the sanity of those who have to deal with the denizens of the Near and Middle East. The result is a vivid, agreeable and valuable book, dealing popularly and intelligently with problems that are looming with increasing economic importance and political menace in the bourses and chancelleries of what we, who inhabit it, call the civilised world.

The Conflict of Miss Forbes's title is varied. The mechanisation *à l'Americaine* of the oil-fields, with their clockwork efficiency, and the attempted Sovietisation of the extra-Russian Caucasus, the pseudo-Napoleonic imperialism of France in Syria, are all factors. Equally evident is the mistrust of mandatory or "sympathetic" Great Powers among native politicians, be they of the camel or of the "flivver" school of thought. King Feisul told Miss Forbes:

> The Iraqi is gradually becoming much less conservative, but his enterprise is limited to political expediency. If suspicion of England could be eradicated, he would get on twice as fast. When the Treaty of Alliance is signed, there will be no more powder for the magazines of our young agitators and they will get to work with agricultural treatises instead of studying the press for signs of Whitehall's intent to colonise.

The Iraq of Feisul and the neighbouring multi-racial Persia of Reza Shah are evidence of the variety of this conflict. The former develops under the diminishing tutelage of a devoted British military, civil and technical service. The other, urgently independent, is governed by a fanatic of modernisation whose enlightened despotism will probably for many years, Miss Forbes argues, prove the only bulwark of the Europeanising Asia of the big cities against an overwhelming provincial majority who are contented with the patriarchal, illiterate, reactionary, unhygienic and picturesque Asia. Its conflicts are so varied, so inter-relevant or so internecine. Tribalism wars with nationalism, nationalism with "interference," mandates, colonisation. The hospital is a menace to the mosque, the doctor to the mullah. Arab and Jew dispute in Palestine, French and Druse make bloody parody of Versailles' hallelujahs in Jebel Druse. Fanaticism revolts against industrialism. The drastic social changes following upon the increasing industrialism are entertainingly observed:

> There is too great a division between the educated and the illiterate. . . . Tehran has leaped a thousand years . . . there has been no gradual evolution between A.D. 930 and 1930. . . . I have stayed in houses where the father wears the rolled turban of the Mullah and reads the Koran with his fingers stuffed into his ears while the son, a graduate in science, plays jazz on the gramophone. To this his mother with henna-stained fingers has probably attached a string of turquoise beads to divert what is undoubtedly magic.

To these lands of conflict another looks hungrily. Russia's Five-Year Plan unfolds grey and bloody along the horizons of Asia. The stories of the *emigrés* from Soviet territory, set down by the author, are almost incredible save that they seem to beggar invention. But these are the sterner aspects of a vivid story which has many lighter passages in which we may glimpse strange cities of romance or admire public works that are destined perhaps to allay these age-old conflicts. The pneumatic drill and gelignite cartridge are in conspiracy with the aeroplane and tractor to facilitate by road and skyway once almost unendurable journeys. "Passage to India" has taken a new significance, and readers of this stirring *résumé* of a gallant adventure will appreciate new contexts of Whitman's clarion-shout.

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to Cumberland (of all people) of humanity, "as arrant Highland mad as L. Stair or Crauford." The picture of this solemn, kindly, conscientious Highlander suddenly snatched from the placid channel of a law lord's existence into the most fantastic campaign Scotland has ever known, is at once comic and pathetic. To the English he was a difficult and rather boring busybody who would criticise their plans, and thought he knew the Highlands better than they did, which was a fact, but not, in Whitehall, a popular fact. To the Scots he was the one man who could save Scotland first from the rebels and then from the rulers; the one man to whom all turned, rebels and loyalists alike, for protection and help against the injuries and oppressions of Cumberland's soldiers.

Forbes with Lord Loudoun held the northern Highlands against Prince Charles, and prevented more than one clan from joining his standard, while Cumberland delayed, first at Edinburgh, then at Aberdeen. And when eventually Loudoun's army was compelled to retreat, the Royal Duke, in a characteristic letter to Newcastle, showed how little he appreciated the peculiar character of Highland warfare:

> His Majesty must have observed how negligently these Highlanders who are with us do their duty. . . . For by two letters which I send here enclosed, His Majesty will see that Lord Loudoun's people have suffered themselves to be surprised at Dornick (*sic*) from the Murray side by a few boats. . . . I am much sorrier for the appearance of the affair than for the thing itself, as I own I have never expected much assistance from them.

In an earlier letter he had already written:

> By these letters they (Lord Loudoun and Forbes) plainly show an aversion to the embarking and coming southward, which I shall readily dispense with, as my only view in bringing them South was, that they should not have to say that we refused making use of their assistance. But I think it much more for the honour of his Majesty's forces and of the nation, to finish this affair without any further use of the Highlanders.

This is his sole comment upon a long letter from the Lord President, clearly showing that the removal of Loudoun's army would open up the northern Highlands to Prince Charles, both for recruiting and for collecting meal and other provisions. Newcastle's answer reveals that Cumberland's colleagues were no more appreciative than he of Forbes's services, or of conditions in that "disagreeable country" in which his Royal Highness was so unfortunately compelled to sojourn.

Neither, it must be conceded, did the Scots appreciate the presence of Butcher Cumberland. They as unanimously regarded Duncan Forbes as their saviour as the English did their prince. Mr. Warrand's collection of Culloden Papers is full of complaints of the high-handed methods of Cumberland's troops after the battle of Culloden, and their treatment of loyal subjects who had had the misfortune to reside in districts occupied by Prince Charles's forces.

When at last the campaign was over and Scotland's fate reverted to Westminster, conditions remained unaltered. Forbes knew how the Highlands stood, the strength and weaknesses of the clan system and of heritable jurisdictions. His wisdom and vast experience were at the service of the ministers. But they preferred to regard him as a long-winded and misguided old bore, and so proceeded to pass measures and settle the future of Scotland without one atom of knowledge or one jot of sympathy for that unfortunate country.

From the rebellion of 1745 Prince Charles won a heritage of song, Cumberland an adjective. Forbes of Culloden lost his health, his peace of mind, and his substance. In a letter written to his son in 1747 he says:

> Dear John,—I am very sorry for you, the great charges and expenses I have been at in supporting his Majesty in the Rebellion have far exceeded beyond the sum I thought it would have cost when I saw you last. I would advise you to go to London where I believe I may have some Friends yet. Mr. Scroop, Mr. Littleton and Mitchell are kind hearted and affectionate men, and they will tell the King that his faithfull servant Duncan Forbes has left you a very poor man.

In December of the same year, his secretary, John Hay, wrote to the President's sister that her brother was dying: "If my life could borrow his, it would be good for Scotland." A few days later Duncan Forbes was dead, and in 1754 his son received a pension from the Crown of £400 a year, later raised to £600.

The original Culloden Papers were discovered in 1812 by Mr. H. R. Duff at Culloden House, where the gamekeeper produced them to be used as wadding for guns. Duff protested that it was "downright murder to use such valuable papers so," and eventually published the greater part of them in 1815. In the present edition considerable additions have been made, and the collection has grown far beyond its original limits. The result is a very detailed and vivid picture of the situation leading up to and, in this volume especially, following after the battle of Culloden. The Lord President dominates the book, but fresh light is also thrown upon the fate of Macdonald of Kingsburgh and the part he played in Prince Charles's escape, and also the trial of Lord Lovat, a sordid affair in which, it must be confessed, "severalls of our countrymen have behaved like villains." Lovat himself, with the devil's genius for turning up trumps, won the admiration even of his enemies and died "with great constancy and decency."

A YOUNG TRAVELLER

The Spring Journey. By Alan Pryce-Jones. Cobden-Sanderson. 10s. 6d.

This is a remarkable book for an author who, on his own confession, is only twenty-one; and the most surprising, most delightful thing about Mr. Pryce-Jones is not that he can write—although it is absurd that he should write so effortlessly well—but that he tries to think. It is true his methods of thinking, of interpreting his thought, are reminiscent of Aldous Huxley, but the resemblance is merely superficial. His naive wondering is nearer Blake than Huxley, his questioning more spiritually akin to Nicodemus than to jesting Pilate. From the first he is *à la recherche d'une réalité problematique* and, although his Eton-and-Magdalen chrysalis is not yet wholly shed, he is emerging from it with very praiseworthy rapidity. The introductory chapter is irritating: it seems that Mr. Pryce-Jones is trying to say something, and only succeeds in making inarticulate noises in his throat. By chapter one he is intelligible, albeit stammering; by "late March" he is talking very well indeed. Few books reveal as much progress in themselves—*The Spring Journey* gets better and better as it goes on. He describes first himself on a boat, paying £40 for a ride past Crete, and inventing a delightful fellow traveller, a Mrs. Schlumberger. She is no mere portrait, no single tourist, she is an amalgam: "She was composite. She was a boat-load. She was a hundred women, Mrs. Schwot, Mrs. Bun, Mrs. Krabs, the Baroness Thunder-den-Tronck (*née* Glauber), who, since we could not separate them, we christened communally Mrs. Schlumberger, now travelling, at great expense, to Alexandria." There are other charming characters: Colonel and Mrs. Pollen, Mr. Curtis Schlumberger, and Lady Dirigible, who declared that "nothing is so dangerous as a rocket. If you don't go up with it, down it comes on your head. Always keep a sunshade up with rockets about, and a fan or something to wave away the sparks. Now, isn't that marvellous? I've never seen such fireworks." Major Worthy, although his only remark was "wa-wa-wa" is an agreeable fellow, and Miss Wilson, who found Toby jugs, clay cats or enamel cigarette holders painted with the Sphinx in azure, so irresistible, is very engaging. But, pleasant as his companions are, they never interrupt the sequence of Mr. Pryce-Jones's travels, nor interfere with our appreciation of him. His powers of description are unusually evocative. As we read of Athens or Damascus, of Cairo and Alexandria, we find ourselves gradually slipping into the landscape, and wandering about the enchanting country, as inevitably as when we look into Giorgione's "Venus" or Botticelli's "Spring." Two places are made forever unforgettable: Jerusalem and Palmyra. Here is the Church of the Holy Sepulchre:

> There is no plan in the church. Burnings and accretions have destroyed its patterns, but given it an excitement which made me feel like a child in a new garden, running in all directions at once, so as to discover all the secrets at the same moment. Doors in and out, stairs up and down, the gold and spiderish lamps of the Greeks and Armenians, a disagreement of several incenses, the perpetual chantings of rival processions, always out of sight, and usually in the dark, moved me a good deal.

And here is an account of the tombs at Palmyra:

> The atmosphere was curious. The tombs were themselves embalmed. Some quality in the air has made them surrender the gravity of a burial place, probably because the air is so keen that death becomes unimportant, the light so preserving that even the tombs are washed clean by it. Certainly it was so blinding that I could not bear to look out into the unfiltered light. Tombs and temples, I thought: which is the less evocative? All the poets have gone on and on and on at the pair of them. It is hardly possible to look on a temple as a place to worship the god (a penny-in-the-slot machine, if you like), on a tomb as a place to bury the dead. Associations of marble

and yew, urns, pediments, and sickle-shaped knives have wrecked them, actually and romantically. We have escaped out of temple by Christianity, out of tomb by cremation.

Mr. Pryce-Jones visits Egypt, Transjordania and Palestine, Asia Minor and Greece, with no shutters before his mind, and only his own spectacles before his eyes. Whether he writes of faith or ethics, of Lenin or Descartes, his writing is worth while, and, at the end of his journey, he seems to reach the conclusion Augustine reached after a stranger journey: "You were within, I was outside myself, and it was outside myself I sought you, and pursued with my ugliness the beauty of your creatures. You were with me, yet I was not with you, held far from you by that, which, without you, could not be."

ST. KILDA

A Last Voyage to St. Kilda. By ALASDAIR ALPIN MACGREGOR. Cassell. 7s. 6d.

A little under a year ago the thirty-six remaining inhabitants of St. Kilda embarked, with as much of their flocks as they could collect, and sailed for Scotland. The island remains deserted; Norwegian whalers have lost a convenient anchorage, and tourists a little known outpost for their holidays. The *Dunara Castle* and the *Hebrides* began their regular visits to the island about 1877, carrying sheep and provisions from Scotland in the summer months. Lately, they accommodated twenty passengers apiece, and the fortnight's round of the Hebrides and fifty-mile push into the Atlantic was a cheap and pleasant adventure (the Captain of the *Dunara Castle* was fond after dinner of hinting at the possibility of being marooned on St. Kilda for the winter months, if the bad weather came early enough). Most of the trading on the way was in sheep and cattle, which were packed in the hold and taken ashore in rowing-boats. The passengers walked about the deck in jerseys, fished over the rail, and spent an hour on shore diving into stone-huts and looking at postcards in the provision shop. Few of the islands have quays. At St. Kilda the boats anchored in a small bay sheltered from the Atlantic. Two or more whales, covered with seagulls, floated alongside like balloons. In the afternoon the passengers strolled about the island nodding at the inhabitants and listening to eager unintelligible talk about the sights, and later climbed the cliffs, which in the west drop several hundred feet sheer into the sea. The rocks were crowded with many kinds of seabirds; a solitary sheep bounding along a ledge would send them hovering and screaming in clouds. In the evening the passengers returned to their boat while the St. Kildans waited impatiently in groups on the shore waiting till it was midnight. The reason for this was that the day was Sunday, and the Captain allowed no bartering till the first minute of Monday. When the clock struck twelve the islanders came on board, carrying tweeds, carpets, dyed linens, rough bracelets and necklaces, and innumerable strange curios. All of these they heaped on the dining-table in the saloon, and in a few minutes the place was humming like a bazaar. For several hours they shouted and wrangled, held up fingers, and unrolled lengths of cloth—best homespun tweed, the Captain assured us. At last he persuaded them to go, when they had sold as much as could be expected, and in the morning the *Dunara Castle* turned back for Glasgow.

The photographs in Mr. MacGregor's book give a very good idea of the island—a bleak mountainous rock covered with dull grass, about 1,500 acres in extent. He tells us odd, interesting things about the islanders. In 1697 the population was given as 180; forty years later "the island was depopulated by an outbreak of small-pox, only four adults and twenty-six children surviving," but appears later to have been repeopled from Harris. The St. Kildans of recent years were particularly susceptible to catching colds from tourists landing on the island; though, as one visitor remarked, it was at least as likely that they caught cold waiting on the shore in a cold wind for the boat to arrive. The women do all the work, while the "parliament," that is the men, prefer sitting over discussions of policy outside the post office. No horses or ploughs are used on St. Kilda. None of the inhabitants served in the war, though a U-boat discharged seventy rounds of ammunition at a wireless station temporarily erected on the island. Mr. MacGregor knows the island well and obviously has an affection for it (he was there at the time of evacuation). It is a pity that more than half of his book is given up to uninteresting adventures between Euston and Glasgow, and to the expression of a love of animals which would be better suited to a humanitarian tract. But the other half makes a record of an island which only another Crusoe will recover.

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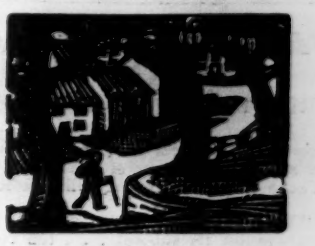

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

I ENVY all intelligent travellers. What more profitable or more pleasant than to be able to plan a tour, decide how long to stay in which places, what to see in each city, when to eat, what to drink, and then to keep to the schedule. It is true that most of these intelligent travellers forget two things—leisure and caprice; and a holiday that gives no space for these necessary accompaniments of happiness has little interest for me. Also it is a good thing to know what to avoid seeing, as well as what to see. Exercise your genuine curiosity, but never be ruled by a merely borrowed inquisitiveness, however noble it may seem. If the field of Waterloo and other later battlefields live more glowingly in your imagination if you have not seen them, do not be dragooned into a conventional visit. It always surprises me to discover how uninventive is the ordinary traveller on holiday. For instance, I know no journey more unpleasant, more alarming, more uncomfortable than the journey from Paris to the coast in a boat-train express. Most people of my acquaintance agree with me; but I know very few, if any, who adopt the obvious alternative—do not travel by the boat-train, but go in a reasonably fast train and stay the night at Amiens, where decent rooms can be had cheap, and there is a restaurant as good as any in France.

* * *

Still, I suppose every traveller thinks other travellers odd in their habits. Once during a fairly long stay in Florence I discovered that a very large number of people—especially Americans—travel without books, except guide-books. I am a great friend of guide-books. They have something of the levity of a magazine, and are so obviously informative that no man can think he is wasting his time while he reads them. Nor are they amiss on a holiday; but I myself prefer to read largely in guide-books before visiting a place, in order to entice the fancy, or on my return, so as to delight in memory of things seen. The great guide-books, which are also histories, such as Daniel Lysons' *Magna Britannia*, or Hughson's *London and its Environs*, cannot conveniently be carried around; and the best guide-books to accompany the traveller are perforce the most portable, of which there is now an abundance—first the steadfast Murray and the staid Baedeker, and then Blue Guides, Little Guides, Kitbag travel books, local town and district guides, colour-books, books of plain fact and books of personal fancy. One of the most fascinating of personal travel-books is Mathews' *Diary of an Invalid*, a book of which I have never seen a modern reprint. It tells the journey of an Englishman through Europe after Waterloo, and can be warmly recommended to those who do not require their guide-books to be of immediate practical use. Another famous book of that kind is Beckford's *Monasteries in Portugal*.

* * *

So, if you must, take some guide-books on your holiday, but do not make the fatal error of taking nothing but guide-books. I do not suppose that the desolately convinced enemies of the habit of reading will acquire the reading virtue on a holiday; but those who neglect their reading may, on a holiday, repair their past omissions, and those who confuse reading with looking at the newspapers, glancing at the weeklies, and running through a magazine may discover wherein they err. My own friends are divided into those who read too much and those who do not read nearly enough. For I admit that it is possible to over-read; it is peculiarly easy for some of us to over-read in a certain kind of light fiction—for instance, a surfeit of "bloods" or "tecs" is a common disease to-day. It may sound harsh, but my advice to the wise traveller is to take no novel with him, unless it is at least sixty-nine years old. Everyone who cares to read novels at all finds time to read them when he is not on holiday—if no other excuse avails, he forgets to bring home to his wife the story from the circulating library, and so has it in his office for his own recreation. On a holiday one should not have to find time for reading. Time should wait on one—savannahs of leisure stretching into the distance, expectant of adventure. Do not make a vow to read only on days when it rains—this may result, if your holiday is Anglican, in reading every day; or, if you be in Italy, in your not reading at all. Besides, to read only when you are disappointed at an enforced imprisonment is to put the lovely art on a low level, like the counting of flies or the coaxing of gaol-mice, or the invention of some other time-destroying device. There are books which should be read out of doors, under trees, in orchards, by rivers, in cool caves, on hill tops, on the terrasse of a café; there are, however, very few books which can properly be read on desolate sea sands. One of them is certainly Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire;* another, for those who do not mind reading aloud to themselves, is Homer, and a third is *Gulliver's Travels.*

* * *

If you regard the reading of books as a normal part of your holiday, your first object should be to read in books which for some reason you do not look at in your working months. Very few grown-up persons read enough poetry. It is the hardest reading in the world, because it is the most concentrated, the most evocative, and makes the heaviest demands on the intellectual imagination; all the same, great poetry often seems deceptively easy, and there are readers—Mr. H. L. Mencken is one, and Mr. Shaw has been suspected of the same vice—who blame the poets for lack of intellectual content, because they fail to bring to the reading of poetry that profound, undistracted attention that it needs. So I should advise the holiday maker to take plenty of poetry with him—one anthology, perhaps, but mostly good collected editions of those poets we all think we have read. I need not name them. After poetry, there is philosophy and history. I know no pleasanter surprise than to turn, on holiday, to one of the books which at school or college was a task-book, a mine of mental discomfort, and discover what excellent reading it may make. Also, unless one was very thrasonic in youth the big books were rather intimidating. One was insufficiently critical of Gibbon, or Hume, or Locke, or Hobbes, or the other scribes offered for our guidance; and one's tutor's criticisms often seemed as remotely authoritative as the words of the authors criticised. It is delightful to read these great ones again when one feels, however erroneously, more of a match for them. Poets, philosophers, historians, essayists, dramatists, and novelists—all have their claims on the holiday reader; and all, except the last, are likely to have their claims neglected. Here we all sin. How often have I not, in some rather remote French or Italian town, with a row of admirable books, of books I want to read, standing on my bedroom mantelpiece, how often have I not, at the sight of a Tauchnitz, dear, smuggle-able volumes, or, of a cheap copy of Mr. Wallace's latest on a railway bookstall or in a local shop, how have I not fallen from my good intentions! . . but at least I have never spent an entirely non-reading holiday. Nothing excuses that except an attack of iritis.

RICHARD SUNNE.

NEW NOVELS

The Corn King and the Spring Queen. By NAOMI MITCHISON. Cape. 10s. 6d.

The Career of Julian Stanley-Williams. By ADRIAN ALINGTON. Chatto and Windus. 8s. 6d.

Far From My Home. By SACHEVERELL SITWELL. Duckworth. 7s. 6d.

Portrait of Caroline. By ELIZABETH BIBESCO. Hutchinson. 6s.

Out of Focus. By JOAN HASLIP. Cobden-Sanderson. 7s. 6d.

Mrs. Mitchison explains, in her preface to this 722-page long account of happenings in Sparta and Scythia between 228 and 187 B.C., that "some of the things really happened, and some of the oddest things are said to have happened by Plutarch and others who call themselves historians." She gives at the beginning a tree of the Spartan royal family, at the end a note of authorities; after each section a brief outline of events, and before each part a list of new people; but in spite of such cues, this remains a very long and crowded book, and it is often difficult to remember who people are, and what their relations to each other. *The Corn King and the Spring Queen* is the story of Marob, a country of strange customs, of pagan Christs and ceremonial whorings, and of over-civilised and intellectualised Sparta, which is endeavouring to escape from an endless cycle of experiments and philosophies by returning to a primitive communistic state. Erif Der the witch, Spring Queen of Marob, is typical of her barbarian country, acting and living on instinct and magic rather than on reason; she marries Tarrik, the Corn King and chief, because her father requires her to bewitch him, that he may be chief in his stead. Her magic fails, for Tarrik is saved from it by a Greek philosopher, with whom he goes to Sparta, where Kleomenes is attempting a militant socialistic experiment, to escape the Achæan league and free the helots; his male lover, his queen and the girl Philylla, who is the type of highly-civilised womanhood, form the nucleus of a "King's party." Erif Der remains in Marob, where she is nearly poisoned by a rival, and where her son by Tarrik is killed by her father. Then she sets out for Sparta, where she finds her husband, and together they return home. It is midsummer in Marob, and Erif Der kills her father, and brings death into the cycle of the seasons. Thenceforward she must flee her home and live in exile, until she has expiated her sin. She wanders to Sparta—thence, after the defeat of Kleomenes at Sellasia, to the oracle at Delphi; on to join the Spartan exiles in Egypt. There Kleomenes and his followers kill themselves, and his women and children are massacred by the Egyptian king; for three days Erif Der's "Kuh" watches over the flayed and impaled body of the Spartan King; Tarrik meets her, and, since the Delphic oracle is now fulfilled, they go home to Marob. In the Epilogue, Erif's son, Klint Tisamenos, goes down to the harbour to learn the end of Sparta—but, though Sparta has failed, Marob has learnt the lesson of the Corn King, and Klint Tisamenos concludes: "This is a story I half know. About the Kings who die. I am King here, and when my time comes I will die for the people. That time is sure to come for a King. And in Marob we have got the thing straight." This book is history and philosophy, romance and love-story, folk-lore and parable. Mrs. Mitchison writes with such faith that the mountains of our sceptical unbelief are moved, and we must believe that, as she says, so things were. Her descriptions of ritual and magic are superb; no less lovely are her accounts of simple, natural things—water-crowfoot flowers, marigolds and bright-spotted fish. To read her is like looking down into deep warm water, through which the smallest pebble and the most radiant weed shine and are seen most clearly; for her writing is very intimate, almost as a diary, or an autobiography is intimate, yet it is free from all pose, all straining after effect; she is telling a story so that all may understand, yet it has the still profundity of a nursery rhyme. There is no slurring over the facts of lust and cruelty, no apologising for what is, no refusal to face even the horrible: her strength lies in her complete acquiescence and acceptance of all things; she is always unafraid. She can write with exquisiteness and justice, as, for example:

> Over a level piece of road she let go the reins a moment and tried to catch her hair and plait it up again, but that was no use, it danced and slid out of her hands up into the sky. The skin of her head was all alive and delicious. Because of the wind the bright chill went down into her brain.

The greatest moment in the book is the *agape* of Kleomenes and his companions in Egypt, before they try to escape, and, failing, commit suicide.

If Thackeray had written *Tartuffe*, the result might well have been a Julian Stanley-Williams. Mr. Alington begins when his hero is six, nor fears to impose this "egotist, wastrel, impostor and braggart" upon us, until he has "acted himself mad" and killed himself, somewhere in the forties. Already in the first chapter he is attracting feminine attention, and play-acting; he is still "at it," and still a "baddish actor, poor chap," whilst watching the dawn on the Embankment the day he dies. Through private school and college, through numberless "smutty" affairs, through marriage and fatherhood and failure, he goes Jack-Horner-wise, putting in his thumb, pulling out a plum, and saying "What a good boy am I!" He is an unforgettable character, as definite and convincing as M. Jourdain himself—indeed it is Molière whom Mr. Alington constantly recalls, and he shows us Julian so naked that we are ashamed—the keyhole is so revealing. He is almost too perfectly evil—but this is a fault he shares with so many of the great villains—with Iago and Pecksniff. Julian's pettiness and vanity, his shop-soiling of good and evil alike, make us long, among this fretwork of vices, for one sin; yet he is the very incarnation of the most unforgivable of all. Winifred, his lovely, gifted, and long-suffering wife, is the necessary light in such a wilderness of super-imposed shadows; she is the contrast which makes his hypocrisy the more vile.

Mr. Sitwell approaches the middle, lower-middle and lower classes in a spirit of scientific inquiry. He deals with them very faithfully, collecting specimens with the ardour of a naturalist, labelling his bottles with neatness and care. These short stories are the result of his investigations; they are a careful analysis of his researches. He is very thorough, stabbing hardest where most pain is, adding only the inevitable emphasis. His stories are slight enough. *A Change of Owners* is the description of a girl leaving home to be married; *The End of the Holidays* epitomises the yearly fortnight's freedom enjoyed by a family in an industrial city in the north; *Annual Visit* is the sketch of the poor, middle-aged spinster staying in "my old room again which looks as if I'd never left it." They are best when slightest; where the more dramatic décor is attempted, as in *Bolingbroke Mansions* or *Innocent Enough*, they fall a trifle flat. Mr. Sitwell's style is delicate and minute, with the intricacies of Buhl inlay and the complexity of light seen through a prism. This is not a book to read through, enthralled; each story should be dissolved slowly, the bitter yet pungent flavour allowed gradually to penetrate.

Since the eighteenth century is all the fashion it is not surprising that letters and letter-writing should be "the rage" once more. But the letters of to-day are, to those produced by the era of *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*, what Ossian was to the Celtic lays. Yet Princess Antoine Bibesco's is a brave attempt to make the correspondence between various members of a week-end house-party life-worthy. The result is sadly Victorian. The women, it is true, now go to bed where then they would have gone into hysterics, but the characters dramatise each other and themselves in true Ouida fashion. The letters are divided into out and in-going, and are distributed between the days of the visit. There is one only subject of conversation, Hermione Warre, who has left her husband for a man named Harry. Caroline, the hostess and heroine who accepts life only as "a delicious annexe which she has furnished for other people," and never becomes "implicated in experience," on Tuesday finds her husband kissing a "peach of a deb": Veronica is engaged to Hugh, Matthew loves Virginia, and there are letters from charitable societies, diplomats, musicians, nurses and foreigners. A book full of pleasant banter and unsuspected sense: only the last letter seems inadequate. The reverse is true of Miss Haslip's *Out of Focus*; here the last letter, written by a poet and man of letters, is the most real. This is a slim volume upon which to expend 7s. 6d., but it is a first novel of some promise, and may repay the purchaser hereafter. These letters are from a girl of twenty-three to a middle-aged friend of her dead father, who composes masterpieces with bleak endings and no crescendos. Lyneth was rich, smart, and "the most brilliant, beautiful and enchanting girl alive"; she writes of her home, her poems, her travels. She falls in love with the Hungarian husband of an American friend, he obtains a divorce and they are married. She fails to produce the necessary *trait d'union*, he takes a mistress, and she goes home in tears to her ageing admirer, who, to put it bluntly, "isn't having any." There are charming passages describing Hungarian harvest homes and race meetings, gypsies

and endless plains, scattered throughout the book, but Lyneth uses her correspondence only as a kind of self-indulgence, and is too cruelly rapacious and boring, too heartless and callous, to have deceived and bewitched so clever a man as her father's wise friend. She is an unconvincing little magpie, thieving Helen's husband because she liked the colourful, glittering thing he was.

PROTEUS.

ELIZABETH FRY ON THE CONTINENT

Elizabeth Fry's Journeys on the Continent (1840-1841). From a Diary kept by her niece, ELIZABETH GURNEY. Lane. 12s. 6d.

It is not usually expected that old men should have reserved for them many pleasures even of the mildest, in a life, which in the opinion of their descendants has been, however mercifully, yet exceptionally prolonged. If they can manage to walk without two sticks for a couple of miles along a level road by the shores of an inland lake, and feast their eyes (not yet blinded) upon distant mountains they once at least aspired to climb, they are deemed lucky dogs, in possession of almost more than their fair share of *les bonnes fortunes*. And so perhaps they are; their pleasures may be mild, but, if the memories behind them are not exceptionally bitter, they may yet make their easy escape from a world not obviously more suited for human habitation than the one into which they were introduced some eighty or ninety years ago.

Among the mild pleasures of the aged, there are none milder or more pleasant than suddenly to be reminded of venerable names, still happily venerated, and of stately biographies, which though not now greedily "devoured," were once dutifully read (often out loud) in thousands of Christian homes.

Such a name was and is Elizabeth Fry's, and such a biography was her life in two volumes first printed long ago.

It sometimes fell to the lot of the present writer, now doomed to chew the cud of memories, to take a part, by no means the larger part, for he came at the fag end of a long family, in reading aloud the life of Mrs. Fry to a most delightful Scottish grandmother—who, so it appeared to the youngest and possibly the worst of her readers, would sometimes have preferred Galt's *Annals of the Parish* or *The Provost* (for she was a born inhabitant of the Kingdom of Fife) to the volumes we had in hand. If this was ever the case, the old lady did not fare so badly at the hands of her youngest grandchild, for not infrequently it happened that he forgot Mrs. Fry and besought further and better particulars of the murders of Burke and Hare and the gruesome sensations they created in Edinburgh, and also, though this was beyond the grandmother's personal memories, of the career and malpractices of that undoubted wizard, Major Weir, who lent his name to the mischievous Ape who played so remarkable a part in one of the greatest of British short stories—"Wandering Willy's Tale," in *Redgauntlet*.

These, however, were but occasional lapses, and bits of Mrs. Fry's stately biography are almost as fresh in that young reader's memory as those of Bertram and Dandy Dinmont in the prison at Portinscale or of Jeannie Deans in the Robbers' Cave on Gunnersbury Hill in Lincolnshire. In fact, Mrs. Fry's *Life* is still almost as good as Wesley's *Journal*.

The book that has given this mild pleasure to an aged reader is in no sense whatever a reproduction or epitome of Mrs. Fry's *Life*, but a perfectly independent and original work now for the first time published, consisting of the spirited diary of a young lady who accompanied her aunt, truly magnificent, the great Mrs. Fry, on two Continental journeys, the first lasting from February to May, 1840, and the second ending after two months' absence, in October, 1841.

During the first journey in Holland, Belgium and Germany, the party, and a lively party it was, though all Quakers, was composed of Mrs. Fry, her brother Samuel Gurney, her daughter Elizabeth (the diarist), Josiah Forster, William Allen, and Lucy Bradshaw, the latter's niece; a goodly gathering.

It is nothing but the truth to say that whenever half a dozen "Friends" in those days were gathered together, for any purpose, and wherever they went, anyone who met them *en route* would find himself amongst those who were always doing their best to arouse humanity from the deadly slumber into which it had fallen during so large a part of the eighteenth century.

During the second journey to Holland, Germany and Denmark, the company consisted of Mrs. Fry, her brother Joseph John Gurney, her daughter Anna and the diarist. Borrovians will recall with emotion "Lavengro's" passion (in later years) for Anna Gurney, a passion she divided with a racehorse!

To follow the itineraries of these travellers in what were then considered "foreign parts" would not only be tedious, but would suggest a tedium not to be found in a single page of the Diaries, which have in addition to their persistent liveliness, one great artistic merit, for without a single word of preachment or parade, the magnificent Aunt, who when specially arrayed in Quaker robes "was fit for any Court in Europe," fills up the whole background of the picture and lends meaning to every line of the perambulation. Without Elizabeth Fry in the background, writing rescripts to kings and princes, counts and countesses, and whispering pious words into the ears of "dear waiters," these Diaries of a high-spirited girl, who could never get over the absurdity of the Dutch in not talking English, would lose all their inspiration.

And yet this great Mrs. Fry was the most human of goddesses, a careless traveller frequently requiring stout and beefsteaks to keep her going, and ready to put up, with an equanimity that sometimes startled her niece, with a good deal of foreign kissing on both cheeks. "Aunt sees good in everything," and yet Mrs. Fry knew far more of the bad things in the world than even the present writer.

But what were the objects of these continental journeys involving as they did absence from "Annual Meetings" and whole courses of Bible-readings? Certainly not to see Madonnas in Dresden, or Paul Potter's Bull at The Hague. Her interest was in the state of prisons, workhouses, schools, the persecution of Moravians, and even of obstinate Baptists flocking in herds to be totally immersed in the River Elbe (an unquakerlike proceeding which was far from meeting with the approval of Elizabeth Fry; "They do it," so she said, "to attract attention"), and in the wickedness of slavery in the Indies. Above all, she looked for personal piety, the one rule alike for emperors, kings and subjects. To awaken humanity from its slumbers and to stir the consciences of monarchs and multitudes was the one aim and object of Mrs. Fry.

And what is more, her mission was recognised wherever she went. She was received almost everywhere, save by surly

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slave-holders, with an almost royal observance. How often she was embraced it would be impertinent to number. Garibaldi in his red shirt never had a truer reception. Her name and fame—if so pompous a word can be employed of so true a Christian—seemed known everywhere, and yet she carried with her no credentials or diplomatic introductions. All doors were opened and she carried herself like a Quaker-Queen—if such a character can be considered possible.

But the artistic merits of the diarist in thus managing to make her magnificent aunt the background of her picture ought not to blind the reader to her descriptive powers as a recorder of daily movements from place to place. There are many amusing passages it would be easy to quote, and sometimes a little Quakerish fun is poked at the magnificent aunt.

Expense was not spared in these apostolic journeys. The two uncles saw to that. A coach with four horses, and sometimes six, bore them proudly or pulled them through the mud from one assembly of admirers to another.

The Diary draws to its close in September, 1841, at Hirschberg in Silesia, the centre of several royal country seats, and thus ends in an orgy of royalty:

> Never was such a party seen before in the annals of history. On one side of the room sat the Countess Redern. The King (of Prussia) next to her—Princess Wilhelme, the Queen, Princess Frederic, Princess Marie, etc. Opposite the row of princesses, countesses (ladies of the Court) and nobodys like ourselves. The King in a blue coat and metal buttons, and flowered satin waistcoat, etc., etc. Uncle's Sermon was fine and full that both the King on the throne and the peasant in his cottage must equally acknowledge Christ before men, both having been equally taught by His Holy Spirit. I think the king wept when Aunt touched on her affection for the family.

Here melancholy creeps in! Kings, Queens and Quakers—German crowns and English coal-scuttle bonnets! Where now are they all? But the war of humanity against cruelty and savage indifference still goes on, and were Elizabeth Fry to come to life again she would, we feel certain, pay a visit to Geneva. And now, as the Diarist remarks, "Schlaffen Sie wohl! as people say in German, the English of which is 'Good-night.'"

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.

FOOTNOTES TO HISTORY

The Five Hundred Best English Letters. Selected and edited with an Introduction by the First Earl of Birkenhead. Cassell. 8s. 6d.

There is a challenge in the title of this book—so obviously unrealisable is its claim—that will make every bookworm turn. The introduction, however, puts a different complexion on the matter, for in it we are told that the selection has been directed to biographical and historical values, and that the choice has fallen not on the "rarest flowers," but on letters representative of their writers and of the times in which they were written. Here for the general reader is set out a mass of correspondence gathered from biographies and other sources which covers the social history of the country from the accession of Henry VII to the present day. Politics are but scantily dealt with and even such references as there are to national events generally have purely personal implications. There is considerable truth in the claim that the letters here given are characteristic of their periods, but would it be rash to say the strictly period documents are generally the dullest? Dreariness always dates, and the pomposities of Polonius or Podsnap may be ascribed to their ages almost to a decade. Wit, on the other hand, and sprightliness are comparatively ageless, and a flash of humour, like a jewel snatched from an old-fashioned setting, will sparkle however it is transposed in time. The fault of this selection—if, considering the book's intent, it be a fault—is that it tends to edification rather than entertainment, so that Dorothy Osborne's delightful raillery when we reach it is refreshment indeed. Such letters as hers are hard to come by though the memoirs of the world be ransacked; nevertheless, there is here a notable abstention from the gay and light-hearted and an undue respect for the solemn and the melancholy.

Henry VII writes dutifully to his mother, and Wolsey bemoans his fall; More writes on obscure State affairs to the Cardinal, and we have Margaret Roper's noble letter to her father on the eve of his death. Bacon proses on to Rutland till Hamlet's "tedious old fool" jumps to the mind. The Earl of Northumberland writes crisply to the King (Henry VIII) on a projected Border foray; the King writes to the ladies Anne Boleyn and Jane Seymour, and Anne Boleyn writes with little circumlocution to him. Drake writes to Walsingham on the passing of the Armada, and Lane to Hakluyt on the riches that Virginia promises. Raleigh bids farewell to his wife, and Arabella Stuart to her husband. Donne sends a flash through the gloom, Steenie writes to his Dear Dad and Gossip, Matthew Hopkins goes witch-hunting, the Cavaliers and Roundheads make a fine showing, and the Restoration not so fine. Vanbrugh, Congreve, Swift and Pope are represented, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu writes robustly to Lady Bute, and for a happy moment Horace Walpole sparkles. Johnson is there and Boswell—who, by the way, is called "poor" Boswell—and so we pass from year to year, from century to century, with all the old favourites and many a name unfamiliar to the multitude. Some amusing letters of the Cecils—later Salisbury and Exeter—are missing; those in which the brothers congratulate each other on the personal charm and political sagacity of James I; nor would quotation have been amiss from the correspondence between Viscount Fenton in England and his cousin the Treasurer Mar in Scotland—less literate perhaps but considerably more epigrammatic than that of the Cecils. So, too, when we come to the eighteenth century, and find Mrs. Montague and Mrs. Chapone quoted, but nothing from Mary Hamilton, a sprightlier Blue Stocking. However, all the more famous letter writers are represented in some sort, and as each batch of letters is prefaced by a brief biographical note, the book should send many new readers to the memoirs from which the quotations are derived. At the end of the book there is a page entitled "Models of Brevity" which includes Tree's well-known note, "My Dear Sir, I have read your play, Oh my dear Sir, Yours faithfully," the inclusion of which suggests that the poverty of the book in good examples of twentieth-century correspondence is due to the fact that the quarries are not yet blasted. It may be that our own time for all its haste is producing letters that will not be ashamed in such company as is here gathered.

THE TWO UNITED STATES

New York. By PAUL MORAND. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.
The Road to Canaan. By PERNET PATTERSON. Putnam. 7s. 6d.

It is more than a hundred and fifty years since Burke declared that it is impossible to bring an indictment against a whole nation, and to-day we find it more and more difficult even to think of a "nation." For many of us it is no longer an entity. All civilised countries now are at least two countries: the country of noise, light and hurry of the cities, where man constantly uses and is used up by mechanical inventions, and that older country of the peasant, the farmer and the shepherd, where life still has its roots in the field and in the family, and bears a resemblance to the age-old life of humanity. In the United States this division is again subdivided by the differing civilisations of the North and South and by the arrival of new immigrants. In the small compass of the Island of Manhattan there are a dozen cities—German, Italian, French, Russian, Jewish, Polish, Negro, and the largest Hungarian city save Budapest. When we consider this we may well feel a sympathy for America's greatest philosophical and practical error, an error which does much damage to the human spirit, and to the pleasure, variety and richness of life—her effort to standardise taste, conduct and thought. It is no wonder that she is afraid of such a bewildering variety and tries to melt them all to one level of dress, manners and language.

The fundamental differences between the life of city and country are exaggerated by the violent and exhilarating climate which, probably more than any other one cause, makes America a forcing-house where changes and movements, often started in Europe and needing centuries for development there, mature in a decade or a score of years. This difference between the life of town and country, North and South, in America is well illustrated in M. Morand's new book on New York and Mr. Patterson's stories of negro life.

M. Morand writes with his usual cosmopolitan detachment, and one's first impression is that this is going to be a very lightweight volume, but the sheer weight and variety of his subject are too much for him. We may never be greatly interested in M. Morand's cool inhumanity, but we become greatly interested in his New York. M. Morand says he is a friend and admirer of New York, but his blame carries more conviction than his praise. As New York is now, so must other cities become, he

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thinks, "to protect ourselves from the novelties of Broadway is simply to refuse that pre-established order which is called the future." A troubling thought this, if the symbol of Broadway is, as M. Morand says, the Roxy, that normous movie-theatre, which

> is a profanation of everything—of music, of art, of love, of colours. I vow I had there a complete vision of the end of the world. I saw Broadway suddenly as one vast Roxy, one of those unsubstantial treasures, one of those joy-baited traps, one of those fleeting and illusory gifts won by the spells of wicked magicians.

New York's "well-being is its protection," says M. Morand, but where is that well-being now? "If this planet grows cold," he continues, "this city will, nevertheless, have been mankind's warmest moment." Warmest, perhaps, in the slang sense, of most exciting, not in the sense used by children in their games, when to be "warm" is to be near that for which you are seeking. How near does New York bring its inhabitants to those goals of "the pursuit of happiness," the things that really warm the human heart, love, the beauty of nature, religion, peace, time for contemplation? New York's warmth is like its lights, which seem to give a summer heat in winter, but in reality give only brightness and a dazzling glare. That is not a city where the human spirit is warm which

> after making you rich in a week, ruins you in one morning. New York sprang from exile, from tears, from poverty, from congestion and now its doors are closed to the poor, the failures, those who are "on the side-tracks". . . . Family life no longer exists. The lack of servants, the city regulations against having apartment kitchens, service apartments, have dealt it the death-blow. . . . People are always moving. The only permanent addresses are the banks. People change jobs as they change houses. The town is no less changing. One builds for 30 years; those buildings have no past and no future either. Some districts alter their appearance in one season; "I go away for a week-end," a lady said to me, "and when I come home I can't recognise my own street."

There is exaggeration in this, of course, but less than those who have never visited New York are likely to believe.

It is his final ironical condemnation of New York and its frenzied vitality when M. Morand writes:

> I only realised the fulness of that frenzy when I saw a cat. It was the only creature I met during my stay which did not move and preserved its inner life intact. I chased it away like a pang of remorse.

Or, again, "Violence gives it nobility, excuses it, makes its vulgarity forgettable." The violent things are the things that are doomed to perish.

How different is the leisurely world, kindly to oddity, to poverty and failures, of Mr. Pernet Patterson's South; a world where family life and servants abound, where aunt and niece, father and son, serve in the same house or on the same plantation, and Virginia families "warmly welcome any of their host of connections, 'spending a while'—or even living" in their hospitable houses.

By Mr. Patterson's early death the South has lost a short-story writer who might have been to the negroes what O. Henry was to "white folks." His tales are in the tradition of the Kipling short story and are singularly controlled, perfect, and free from sentimentality. His stories of small boys remind the reader of Mr. Tarkington's Penrod, and are no less true and amusing. *Buttin Blood* is a beautiful picture, entirely unsentimentalised, of childish courage and loyalty. In *Cunjur* and *Blow, Steamboat, Blow*, we realise how strange a country is the world of negro superstition.

M. Morand and Mr. Patterson give admirable descriptions of America's two great contributions to the art of the world, the skyscraper and the spiritual. *New York* has fourteen illustrations (presumably lino-cuts) by Senor Joaquin Vaquero that are as vivid, hasty and vital as their subject. The translation by Mr. Hamish Miles is perfect.

WAR GUILT

The Spirit of British Policy. By HERMANN KANTOROWICZ. Allen and Unwin. 25s.

This book is written to disprove the thesis, popular in Germany, that England was largely responsible for the war, and that the prime purpose of England's pre-war diplomacy was to secure the encirclement and frustration of Germany. "I intend," writes the author, "to prove that the tale of Encirclement has been deliberately invented. It was invented by Holstein and Bülow, and adapted for the mentality of children—of grown-up children. . . . The Great War was not due to the fact, but to the myth, of Encirclement."

It is discouraging that it should still be necessary to attack the myth of encirclement, but the book contains ample proof that in Germany this legend is still an article of faith. A few historians have grudgingly admitted its falsity; but popular writers, school text-books, newspapers and Nationalist orators still accept it as sober history. This is one result of the great lie of Versailles. Having been compelled to declare themselves solely responsible for the War, the Germans have naturally reacted to the opposite extreme and have convinced themselves that they were almost the only innocent nation in Europe. And ironically enough, in order to strengthen this pathetic belief, they have refurbished the old nonsense about England that was born in the diseased brain of Holstein. Professor Kantorowicz's book may be effective in combating this error, for he gives detailed evidence proving that the pre-war diplomatists of Germany, who made lavish use of the encirclement myth, did not believe in it themselves (at least in so far as it related to England), but invented it in order to gain support for German naval appropriations. Holstein himself may have believed in encirclement, at least during his madder moments, and William II may have believed in it most of the time; but the others could not have believed in it: they were too busy inventing the evidence. For example:

> On the 4th of June, 1913, Müller (the Naval Attaché at London) reports privately regarding a conversation with Churchill who had given intimation of a detailed plan which he had devised for a "naval holiday" for the autumn, and he asks at the end of his letter whether he should report officially upon the conversation. Captain Hopmann, of the Admiralty, answered on the 11th of June on behalf of Tirpitz. . . . He proceeds to give him (Müller) definite instructions as to how he is to mislead Churchill in further conversations, and how he is to report to Germany, on the other hand, that he has "come to the conclusion, as a result of these conversations, that Churchill's main object is to retard or to hinder the building up of our fleet in accordance with the Naval Act." Müller reported literally to this effect on the 2nd of June, and the Kaiser wrote against this passage of the report: "Naturally," and at the bottom of the letter, "Bravo." We see, therefore, how the writer of an official report to the Foreign Office is taught by the Secretary of State for the Navy to lie to the Kaiser and the Chancellor.

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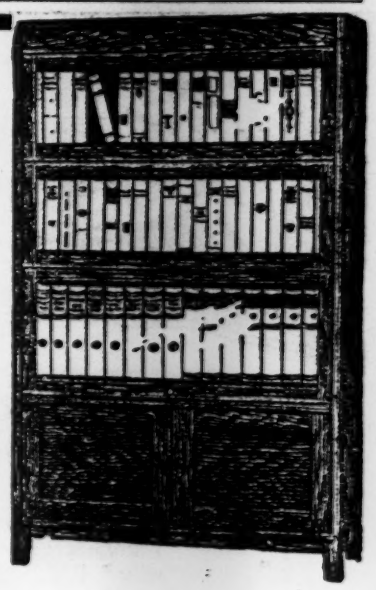

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All in all, Professor Kantorowicz makes an excellent case for the following conclusions: "It is a fact that, as far as our documents allow us to form a judgment, no German statesman believed in hostile intentions on the part of England, or in a policy of Encirclement in the popular sense, in which it becomes a theory of destruction."

It is possible that *The Spirit of British Policy* will not be as successful in altering German opinion as it might have been, for Professor Kantorowicz devotes the first 363 pages to an almost unrelieved eulogy of the English national character. Under the headings, "Chivalry," "Objectivity," "Humanitarianism" and "Irrationality" he paints a picture of English charm and English manners that is so flattering and so long-winded that it must both annoy and bore the German readers for whom it is intended. Also, this unalleviated praise will seem to detract from the objective value of the purely historical section that follows. The praise is not undiscriminating, for Professor Kantorowicz has picked upon the good qualities that distinguish the Englishman from the Continental and that make the English type, to those who care for it, the most charming in the world. But he has neglected even to mention the bad qualities that distinguish the Englishman from the Continental, and this omission must impair the average German reader's enjoyment of the book. Almost the only hostile criticism is the statement that the English do not work long enough hours at their businesses. In this Professor Kantorowicz agrees with M. Siegfried. There seems to be a new picture of England growing up on the Continent: the Nation of Shopleavers.

SHORTER NOTICES

Turi's Book of Lappland. By JOHAN TURI. Edited and translated by EMILIE DEMANT HATT and E. GEE NASH. Cape. 10s. 6d.

Johan Turi is a Fell-Lapp, and in this book he describes the life and lore of the nomad Lapps. Hunting, medicine, the care of reindeer and children, myth, song and the seasons are his subjects. He writes in short paragraphs in which practical advice and smiling philosophic reflection are mingled. It is difficult to find a comparison for his book; perhaps it is most like the herb and cookery books which used to be handed down in families, but it gives a definite picture of the local life as well. Johan Turi is a delightful, natural talker, and only quotation does him justice:

> *For strained tendons.* For a strained tendon you read words and that helps. And you do it with unwashed woollen yarn, grey three-ply sheep's wool yarn. There is much power in sheep's wool, because Jesus talked a lot about sheep and took them as his similes. And He called those for whom He died, sheep, and the name of their dwelling place was the sheep-fold. And that is why there is so much power in sheep's wool. And it makes good stockings for folk too.

Then he goes on to particular remedies. At the beginning of the book he says that "when a Lapp gets into a room his brains go round." His drawings of tents, reindeer and forests are simple and childlike, but give a really good idea of these objects. He is obviously proud of them and of his star-maps. The editor, who rearranged some of the material and translated it into Danish, points out that Turi thought it all out and wrote it down himself. We are grateful for the tact which persuaded him to what must have been a terrific, though congenial, task.

Burton: Arabian Nights Adventurer. By FAIRFAX DOWNEY. Scribners. 10s. 6d.

The first sentence of this book ominously indicates its prevailing tone: "On March 19th, 1821, a boy was born at Barham House, Hertfordshire, England, at the rather considerate hour for such events of half-past nine in the evening." The "rather considerate" indicates that we are once more confronted with a specimen of the new American school of biography, which is mainly cheap imitation of Mr. Lytton Strachey. But Mr. Downey is not one of the worst offenders, while Burton himself is so remarkable a figure that he does most of his biographers' work for them. Mr. Downey gives us the facts of the turbulent life; his mistake is attempting to over-write them when a plain narrative would be sufficiently breathless. There is no need to nudge the reader at the approach of each explosive crisis or comic interlude. Burton blew his own trumpet so well that Mr. Downey's jazz accompaniment is superfluous. Yet one must grant that the book is readable and exciting. It is interesting to note that Burton received £12,000 for his great translation, and that Lord Salisbury arranged his K.C.M.G. after the first volumes had appeared. Burton would surely have smiled to hear that the best Burton collection is at Pleasantville, N.Y.

With Mystics and Magicians in Tibet. By ALEXANDRA DAVID-NEEL. Lane. 15s.

Mrs. David-Neel has had exceptional opportunities of studying the form of Buddhism that is professed and practised in Tibet, for she is a practising Buddhist, and speaks the Tibetan dialects. Clothed as a Buddhist nun and accompanied by her adopted son, a young Lama, she has lived in Tibet and been welcomed and instructed by many of

the Tibetan lamas and ascetics. Nevertheless, as her countryman, Professor A. D'Arsonval, President of the Institut Général Psychologique, states in the Introduction he contributes to the book, she is a disciple of Descartes and of Claud Bernard " practising the philosophic scepticism of the former which, according to the latter, should be the constant ally of the scientific observer." It is this scientific approach which gives its real value to the book. The esoteric culture she describes is a curious hotch-potch of hypnosis and auto-suggestion, primitive magic and mystic philosophy, clairvoyance, telepathy, and successful but unexplained physiological experiment; the fruit, obviously, of Buddhism grafted on to a particularly vigorous Shamanism. Much that Mrs. David-Neel has to tell us of the Tibetan physiological adept has been recorded by other and more casual travellers. That a lightly clothed or naked Tibetan may sweat with heat in a temperature at freezing point has been vouched for again and again; that he may also travel a-foot at high speeds for long distances has been recorded; and Mrs. David-Neel explains the mental and physical training adopted to secure this immunity from cold or fatigue.

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This will be a very useful compilation for all those who are about to make a home, or are tired of their old one. From structure to salt-cellar the modern movement in architecture and interior decoration is persuasively advocated by such experts as Messrs. Maurice Dufrène, Howard Robertson, Curtis Moffat, Bruno Taut and Morton Shand. There is no doubt that the new science of the house makes a great advance in health and cleanliness. The illustrations, which show the work being accomplished by its pioneers in Europe and the United States, are in themselves delightful photographs of interiors and still-lifes.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

I AM glad to see that Peter Warlock's delightful *Capriol Suite* has been recorded at last (Decca, 12 in. record, K576; the London Chamber Orchestra, under Anthony Bernard). No one more than the composer himself would have appreciated the irony of the awakened interest in his work due to his untimely death. This suite (originally written for pianoforte duet, but played here in its most generally known form as a string suite) is based on fragments of tunes from Arbeau's *Orchesographie*, but is none the less personal for that. Warlock's highly original cast of mind can always be felt even when he sets deliberately out to imitate a given composer or school of composers. His orchestral compositions are like Delius, it is true, but, unlike other imitations of this master, they happen to be as good. Many of his songs might be thought too strongly influenced by the Elizabethans, but at the same time they are the only modern English songs that can really be set by the side of Dowland and bear the comparison. Warlock was not a pasticheur, he wrote instinctively in the English tradition, and that is why his music recalls both the Elizabethans and Delius. His music is a perfect expression of the mood that is common to both and that may be considered the dominant mood of English music and lyric poetry. A mood of definite melancholy, but expressed with such richness of imagery and sweetness of sound that it has in it nothing that is sterile or negative. It is a mood that we find in Fletcher, a poet with whom Warlock was in particular sympathy. His exquisite settings of three of Fletcher's poems, *Sleep*, *Mourn No Moe* and *A Sad Song*, are a combination of English poetry and music at their finest that only rarely occurs. Arbeau's gay tunes impose, of course, their own mood, though it is interesting to note how typically English a work Warlock evolved from foreign material. It is only in the beautiful *Pieds en l'air* (where the material is almost entirely the composer's own) that we get the most typical Peter Warlock. The performance is good, but not impeccable. There is a curious slip at the end of the " Basse Danse " which is evidently due to a misprint in the score, and the exigencies of the record cause " Bransles " to be taken at so great a speed that there is no room for the " Faster " and " Still faster " that the composer has indicated. The recording is sonorous and gives the not unpleasant impression that one is sitting in the orchestra rather than outside it.

The present Russian season at the Lyceum has had the excellent effect of reviving the interest of critics and listeners in a school of composers that is still (in this country, at least) misunderstood and underestimated. Russian music of the nineteenth century suffers rather from the inevitable reaction against the indiscriminate enthusiasm of people who liked it only for its exoticism and glamour. Conductors are largely to blame for this as they have obstinately stuck to a few of the better-known and more sensational Oriental fantasies and have neglected many works of solid achievement. The *Prince Igor* dances are, of course, magnificent, but is that any reason why we should never be given Borodin's *First Symphony*? Why will no conductor spare us the one-thousand-and-first performance of Rimsky-Korsakoff's superficial and meretricious *Scheherazade* and give us the sombre magnificence of Balakireff's *Thamar* (a work which incidentally is not only exotic, but one of the finest pieces of construction in romantic music)? Russian music is poorly represented in the concert-hall, and even more poorly represented in the gramophone catalogues. H.M.V. have just issued Balakireff's *Islamey* in a brilliant orchestral version by Casella (played by the New Symphony Orchestra under Eugene Goossens, H.M.V., 12 in., C2086). The orchestration is at times a little overloaded. It would be interesting to hear the orchestration made by Balakireff's friend and disciple, Liapounoff, which is said to be much closer to Balakireff's own style of scoring. At the same time it is only fair to remember that Casella's orchestration was seen and approved by Balakireff himself. *Islamey* is a stirring show-piece, but it seems a pity that Balakireff should be represented by an arrangement and not by an original orchestral work. It is high time that someone recorded *Thamar*.

Even though his ideas often lack distinction, Rimsky-Korsakoff's polished workmanship is always a pleasure, and the *Cortège des Nobles*, from *Mlada*, shows him at his best. This is a brilliant piece of recording. On the other side is Mossorgsky's familiar *Gopak*, a fragment that is just sufficient to show the difference between Mossorgsky's vital genius and Rimsky-Korsakoff's first-rate talent (H.M.V., 12 in., D1934; the London Symphony Orchestra under Albert Coates).

Rachmaninoff's name is not usually associated in our minds with church music. If the short *Veneration of the Cross*, for unaccompanied voices, is a typical example it is a pity we do not hear more of his religious work. This is an unexpectedly good piece written in a severe style derived from the Greek church music (sung by the Westminster Abbey Special Choir under Dr. E. Bullock, H.M.V., 10 in., B3763; Howells' *A Spotless Rose* on the other side).

In this age of super-pianists, it is difficult for anyone to stand out by technical dexterity, but Vladimir Horowitz is definitely exceptional. His playing of the Paganini *Etude in E Flat Major* (Paganini-Liszt-Busoni—it reads like a succession of race-horses) is amazingly brilliant. That Horowitz possesses more than brilliance is shown by his very sensitive and delicate interpretation on the other side of Debussy's *Serenade for the*

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Doll (H.M.V., 10 in., D.A.1160). Columbia have issued a charming selection of Mendelssohn's *Songs Without Words*, admirably played by Friedman (four 10 in., in album, DB454-7). In view of the coming production of *La Forza del Destino* at Covent Garden, it is interesting to study the magnificent duet from Act IV, *Invano, Alvaro*, well sung by Pertile and Franci, Carlo Sebajno conducting.

CONSTANT LAMBERT.

About Motoring

TAKING A CAR ABROAD

INLAND motorists would probably be astounded at the number of cars which leave the Channel ports daily at this time of year for Continental touring. At holiday times the steamer companies experience real difficulty in grappling with heavy cargoes of motor-cars; and from spring to autumn the daily sailings are quite numerous. The attractions of such a tour are tolerably obvious. The railway tourist books rooms at a centre, and unless he is an indefatigable walker, or so old that a chair in the sun represents his idea of pleasure, he must begin to charter public transport by the third day in order to escape from a town with which he is becoming familiar. At home he accomplishes his pleasure journeys by car; and a car makes public transport seem irksome. You must start and return and pause at places and times selected by other people; and you are saddled with companions not of your own choosing. So it is far pleasanter to have your own car in Switzerland or the Savoy or the Dolomites. Moreover, except in the vicinity of great cities, Continental roads are still comparatively empty, even at holiday seasons; and this represents a huge relief from the congestion of English roads: instead of stringing along in a perpetual queue, one may be able to average sixty miles an hour, and encounter no more than one car per mile. The motor tourist can quit the beaten track at will, and explore all sorts of little intimate places which the railway tourist never sees.

It is not very easy to speak about costs, as they vary considerably with the size of the car, and with the countries selected for a visit. Until quite recently a monopoly kept the Channel freights to Boulogne and Calais at an absurd figure; but this monopoly has been smashed by Townsend Bros. at Dover, and freights are now everywhere more reasonable. The charge varies according to wheelbase. The return freight between Dover and Calais for a small car not exceeding an 8 ft. 6 in. wheelbase is £3 15s. at owner's risk, and about £5 at the carrier's risk. A car of 11 ft. wheelbase is carried for £10 at owner's risk over the return journey.

None of the other charges connected with the car are serious. Practically every country imposes small fees, but these circulation permits are extremely cheap, and at the worst never exceed a few pence per day. It is, however, essential to fulfil the regulations, as the fines for neglect are heavy in some countries, especially in France and Switzerland.

The formalities with regard to Customs read rather formidably on paper, but in practice occasion no trouble at all. It is absolutely indispensable to join the Royal Automobile Club or the Automobile Association. These two bodies maintain agents at the ports on both sides of the Channel, and their efficiency relieves the motorist of all trouble and anxiety. They act as sponsors for Customs with all the foreign Governments. In return they demand a cash deposit of £50 on a car, plus a banker's indemnity for other liabilities; if the owner's banker is disinclined to guarantee, the remainder of the potential duty can be covered by a short-term insurance policy. France has an import duty of 45 per cent. *ad valorem* on cars. If I took a Rolls valued at £3,000 into France for a holiday, France would require me to deposit £1,350 at Calais *douane*. The A.A. or R.A.C. relieve us of this necessity by their simple request for a £50 deposit and a banker's guarantee; and their *carnet* is equally effective at every *douane* in Europe. I simply exhibit the *carnet* at the various frontiers and pay down no cash, apart from any trumpery fee which represents my contribution to the upkeep of the local roads. It is advisable to give the A.A. or R.A.C. ample notice, especially at holiday times, since space on the cargo boats is not unlimited. These clubs further put the foreign tourist through a simple driving test to conform with the regulations of other nations, and equip him with a driving licence which will carry him anywhere.

A motorist who has never driven abroad will probably feel a little nervous at the idea of driving on what a tough Briton will persist in describing as the "wrong" side of the road. In practice he will experience no difficulty: he will encounter no heavy traffic for the first day or two, unless he is foolish enough to proceed straight to Paris; and by dinner time on the first evening he will find that driving on the right is perfectly natural. Neither will he experience any difficulty in finding his way. The R.A.C. or A.A. will provide him with a detailed itinerary, including street plans of all the towns through which he desires to pass. Signposting and road marking are more efficient than with us. In this country we still see signposts on main roads which indicate that the road goes to Little Puddleton, and omit to add that if followed further it ultimately leads to London or Sheffield. On the Continent the road marking usually tells you all you wish to know. It is quite a simple matter for a driver who can speak no language but English to complete a 3,000-mile tour and cross twenty frontiers without any inconvenience apart from occasionally losing his way in a town. The natives are accustomed to mad Englishmen, and in puzzling emergencies Murray's *Travel Talk* will solve the problem.

Rather to his surprise he will find that the crossing of frontiers is absurdly easier than when he travelled by train with a trunk and a suitcase. In the course of a single tour I have crossed as many as twenty European frontiers without ever having a piece of luggage opened up. The *douaniers* are obsessed by the car. They know that they will get into trouble if they pass a £500 car into their territory in any irregular fashion. So they will pore over the *carnet*, and verify the chassis and engine numbers. Satisfied on this point, they will normally wave a contemptuous hand at the suitcases on the grid, and bid you Godspeed.

No difficulty need be apprehended with oil or fuel. All the familiar brands are available at short intervals in the accustomed qualities. I always carry a few spare parts, which are gladly lent by British car manufacturers: a spare magneto and a spare top leaf for the front and rear springs are suggested.

Contrary to general belief, most of the famous mountain passes are quite easy, and their maximum gradients are less severe than those of our own hills. Owing to the length of the climbs, boiling will occur with most British cars; but this is easily countered by carrying a two-gallon tin of water. A few of the lesser known passes are difficult. For example, the Forclaz outside Chamonix has some really nasty bends. Others are fraying to the nerves of the timid, because there is often an unfenced drop of considerable depth. But in actual fact an inferior driver could safely take a 7 h.p. car up most of them. The British clubs supply excellent lists of recommended hotels. With a little forethought in selecting cheap inns the total expenses of a month on the Continent can be cut to a point below the cost of a holiday at a British watering place in accommodation of a similar grade.

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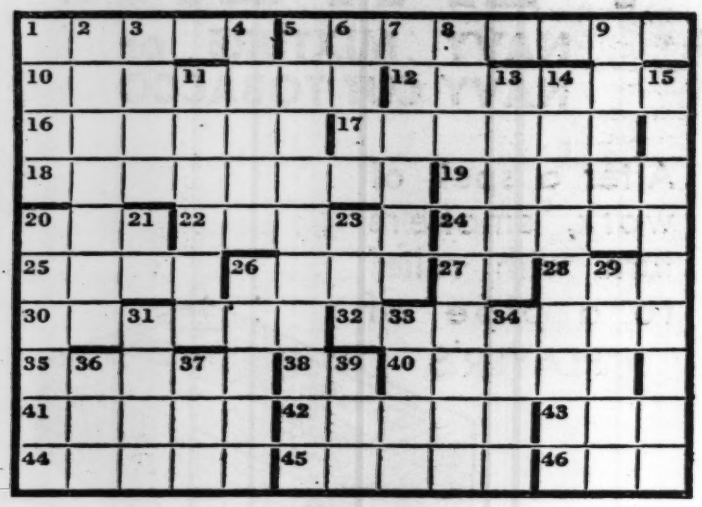


DERBY DAY

Prospective starters included 5 *and* 44 *Across; and* 5, 8, 15 *and* 20 *Down. One of them, since the puzzle was composed, has been scratched.*

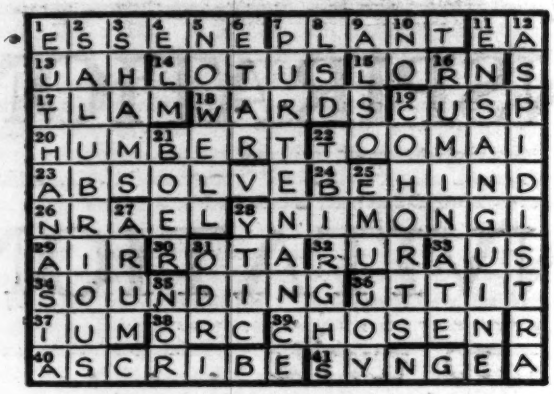
ACROSS

1. Made diligent enquiries as to the time of a star's appearance.
10. Chancellor of the Exchequer's bugbear.
12. I start with a wind and finish with a flower.
16. A red-letter year for King George.
17. There are curious goings-on behind my shutters.
18. A plant which suggests what 1 *Down* might have said.
19. Philo in a thorough mess.
20. Carried before the mast.
22. My plural is a jolly good 'cello.
24. Heine's revenge.
25. My sons would look well in the police.
26. Lost his head in the City.
27. Balm from the chemist's.
28. } Art of which a certain Lord Halifax was master.
45. }
30. Was often as grasping as he sounds.
32. Bred for ornament.
35. I always supposed I was *the* Browning.
38. Well in ancient Greece.
40. Hamlet's mother looked like this at a funeral.
41. Only half the name, and the soft half at that.
42. Contains pitch, yet is undefiled.
43. Once well-known to listeners.
45. See 28.
46. Quite a while.

DOWN

1. See 18 *Across*.
2. Fanny's first novel.
3. Berets are all this.
4. She discovered that man has not yet doubled Cape Turk.
6. Insufficient to ensure veracity in the Bellman.
7. Almost suggests that the nobleman is visiting New York.
9. What, according to Shaw, they do who can't.
11. We might be called to the bar for these.
13. An old Spanish measure.
14. How J. R. M. likes to find D. Ll. G.
21. A man of low degree.
23. The Cockney's encomium is not this.
26. He stood between the dead and the living.
29. The top of the window has slipped down to the bottom.
31. Just one step backwards.
33. A definite suggestion of opposition.
34. Upheaval in the cave-man's home.
36. Title bestowed upon Mr. Loin.
37. A queen o'erthrown.
39. Catastrophe of 1805.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD



PER ARDUA AD ASPIDISTRA

BRIDGE

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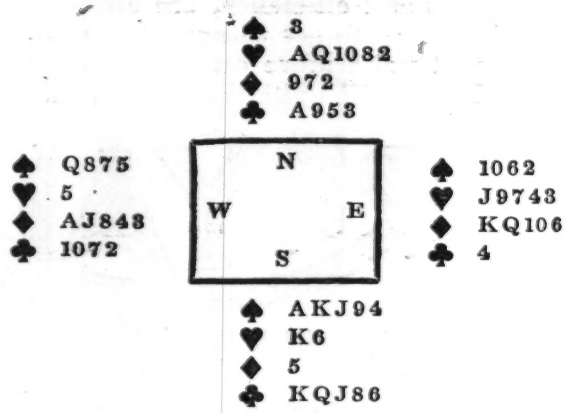
HOW TO BID AT CONTRACT: A SERIES OF ILLUSTRATIVE HANDS.

X. Forcing Rebid by Original Declarer.



Score.: East-West, one game; North-South, love. South deals.

The Bidding:

South	..	1 ♠	4 ♣	6 ♣
West	..	No Bid	No Bid	No Bid
North	..	2 ♥	5 ♣	No Bid
East	..	No Bid	No Bid	No Bid

Notes on the Bidding.

South, having two good five-card suits, bids the higher-valued suit first. This is in accordance with a well-established principle. It will enable North, if South subsequently bids Clubs, to return to Spades without increasing the contract.

North's Two Hearts is a quite straightforward take-out. His Heart suit is a good one, and it is important to deny the Spades. He is just not strong enough for a forcing bid.

South, however, *is* strong enough. If North has a good Two Heart bid, game at some declaration or other is certain. South therefore shows his second suit (Clubs) and at the same time "obligates" a response by bidding *one more of the suit than is necessary.* South knows now that he will hear from North again. The response may be Four Diamonds, Four Hearts, Four No Trumps, or Five Clubs, according to the character of North's hand.

In this case, Five Clubs is clearly indicated. North can see that, if South's bidding is accurate, eleven tricks in Clubs are a practical certainty.

South's bid for the Small Slam is more questionable. But he has (he estimates) a better-than-even chance. North probably holds either the Ace of Clubs or the Ace of Diamonds, and in either case the necessary tricks should be attainable.

If he plays carefully, South should make Small Slam against any defence.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

June, 1931. 3/6.

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

BY TOREADOR.

DRIFT IN THE MARKETS—WHAT THE BANKERS MIGHT DO—PRE-WAR AND POST-WAR INVESTMENT TRUSTS.

ONE constantly hears the despairing cry in these days from the holder of "equity" shares: "I have lost half or three-quarters of my capital. Ought I to sell now before the remainder is lost?" Probably he ought—but the prophet who declares that things will get worse before they get better is at all times an odious fellow. One has respect for Jeremiah because he saw no hope of recovery and was courageous enough to tell his listeners that they were utterly damned. But one loses respect for the pseudo-Jeremiahs of to-day because if each were to take some action to make things better, things would not become worse. The confidence of the investor is altogether undermined and nothing is being done, nationally or internationally, to restore it. The stock markets in London are allowed to drift: the stock markets in New York, Paris, Amsterdam, Berlin and every other financial centre are allowed to drift. And the drift is, naturally, downward. There is a steady trickle of selling and there is no buying, so that prices gradually and persistently crumble away. Here is the record of security price indices in London and New York this year:

	Dec. 16, 1930.	Feb. 24, 1931.	May 18.	May 25.	May 26.
20 U.S. Railroad stocks* ..	91.65	111.75	75.58§	76.58	76.12
80 U.S. Industrial stocks* ..	157.51	193.90	139.52	132.87‖	133.11
80 British Industrial shares† ..	71.7	66.8	54.5‡	57.5	57.4

* Dow Jones' indices. † Financial News index. ‡ May 19, low record. § Lowest since February, 1922. ‖ Lowest since March, 1926.

In the normal course prices will go on declining until everyone says that the slump will last for ever. (In New York they are already beginning to talk of the depression as "chronic.") When no one can see a way out, it will, of course, be a grand time to buy the best equity stocks, but really things should not be allowed to drift to this sorry pass. The rot in the stock markets can and should be checked.

* * *

Two lines of action, I suggest, are open. First, the commercial banks in each country should get together and agree upon a sane, common policy regarding security loans—namely, that they will not force borrowers to liquidate approved securities if the margin of cover is any further reduced. This would not entirely put a stop to "forced liquidation" because all securities are not "approved" and because individual necessities always arise; but it would help, and it would restore some confidence. Secondly, the international trading banks and finance houses of the world should summon an international conference and try to reach "agreed" conclusions regarding the origins of the trade slump and its cures. This conference might also be attended by representatives of the Central Banks. Now, Mr. Montague Norman, the Governor of the Bank of England, and his American economist, Dr. Sprague, recently paid a visit to New York and on their return Dr. Sprague gave an address to the English-Speaking Union. It was a depressing address because Dr. Sprague was unable to see any light on the economic horizon in America, but it was important because he went out of his way to state that he was expressing the views of those in charge of the three chief central banks of the world—London, New York and Paris. Surely it should not be left to Dr. Sprague, however able, to express the opinions of the big central banks. These views should be told to the whole world by the bankers themselves at an international Conference. In point of fact the views of the central bankers would not find general approval. Dr. Sprague, after dissociating his chiefs from the monetary school which would find salvation in an expansion of credit, declared that as the slump was being prolonged by the disequilibrium of prices, the business world would recover only when the prices of manufactured goods were readjusted to the new price level of agricultural products.

* * *

This an appalling prospect. Even the orthodox *Economist* revolted against the idea that wages should be so drastically cut as to bring the prices of manufactured goods down to the abnormally low levels to which raw material prices are often reduced in periods of economic depression. As the *Economist* pointed out, this course would involve the maximum of economic disturbance. It would mean that the burden of fixed money charges would become intolerable and that every debtor country would be forced into default. Incidentally, our own national debt would become insupportable while the bankruptcy of our debtors would close our career as a great creditor Power. It makes one shiver to find that the three principal Central Banks are clinging to an economic doctrine which would undoubtedly lead to strife and revolution. My appeal is, therefore, made to the international trading banks and finance houses, which have had a longer experience of and a closer contact with international trade. This particularly applies to the old-established private banks. For example, J. Henry Schröder & Company in their last Quarterly Review, showed that they had clearly grasped the importance of restoring the flow of international lending as a means of economic salvation. It is the drying up of the international capital market which precipitated and is prolonging the slump. Great Britain, according to the figures of the Board of Trade, had only a surplus of £38 millions on her international trading account last year and with her present-earnings from shipping and agency and her income from oversea investments greatly reduced, she has perforce to leave the task of foreign lending to others. Yet the two countries which have amassed gold in the last few years, and which should have taken the place of Great Britain, have failed to lend abroad on any adequate scale. That the international trading banks realise that long-term foreign loans must be extended if world trade is to recover, is shown by the formation under their auspices of Union Internationale de Placements in Luxemburg last month, of the Credit Foncier International in Basle last March, and of the Compagnie Centrale de Prêts Fonciers in Amsterdam in November, 1930. But much more is wanted and an international conference of bankers would probably create the necessary "drive." If the bankers will not take action a world Economic Conference under the auspices of the League of Nations may yet be brought forth by the pressure of economic events in Europe. The default of the Oesterreichische Creditanstalt in Vienna has drawn the attention of the League to the serious difficulties in Austria. The League's European "reconstruction loans" issued after the War may have to be followed by "restoration loans" in the 1931 slump.

* * *

A correspondent, who did not altogether appreciate my recent criticism of the Fixed Trust, asks for my views on the British investment trust of the ordinary management type. For him the Fixed Trust is the phœnix rising from the ashes of investment trust management. Personally, I do not think that the slump has made a bonfire of the management trust. Certainly it is disappointing to find that the management trust does not practise all its theories. One of its principles is to sell when markets are booming and to buy when they are panic-stricken. The buying of investment trusts recently has been conspicuous by its absence. The truth is that markets would not stand the shock if investment trusts were to switch out of ordinary shares into bonds with each downward move of the trade cycle and from bonds into ordinary shares with the reverse, even if the managements were wise enough to know when to switch. Seeing that the total investments of British trust companies approach £1,000 millions, switching on a grandiose scale would be a market impossibility. But my correspondent should appreciate that management trusts are not designed to be "in and out" operating companies. Their investment risks are spread among a large number of securities—those of the fixed interest class predominating—which they acquire for the most part as permanent holdings. The aim of their managements is a conservative financial policy. The degree of their success depends upon the number of years they have been practising it.

* * *

My correspondent must, therefore, distinguish between the pre-War and the post-War investment trust companies. The pre-War companies have had time to build up adequate reserves, partly by applying capital profits to the writing-down of investments, partly by distributing in dividends only 75 per cent. to 85 per cent. of their interest profits, over a long period of years. In normal times they are able to disclose a constantly increasing income from a constantly increasing reserve fund, so that dividends are constantly increased on their ordinary stocks. In periods of depression their income may stop rising and may even fall, but there are adequate reserves to meet depreciation in market values and dividends can safely be maintained. The post-War investment trusts, on the other hand, have had no time to build up reserves: they can only meet serious market depreciation by appropriations from revenue. Hence their dividends may have to be reduced or passed if the slump lasts another year. Next week I will give illustrations of the two classes of investment trusts with a few hints to the investor.

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NO one questions the significance of the conversations with the German Chancellor and his Foreign Minister at Chequers. Their importance will not be lessened by their informality. Financially, Germany, like the rest of Europe, is in a bad way. Her burdens, aggravated by reparations, are almost more than she can bear. Her grievances are genuine grievances, which, in spite of the provocation of the Hitlerites and the Stahlhelm, we should be mad to ignore. Dr. Brüning will, naturally and rightly, take advantage of his visit to put the German case as strongly as he can. In all likelihood he will suggest a moratorium or, failing that, a new conference to discuss a revision of the Young Plan. His own fate as Chancellor depends upon the answer which he receives from his English hosts. We may be sure that the answer will be sympathetic, but if Germany and Europe are to be saved from chaos something more than vague sympathy will have to come out of the Chequers visit. To-day we have reached a stage in international problems when postponement has no longer the merits of expediency. If the German demand for a moratorium should be the first step towards a revision of war debts, we should be the last nation to turn our backs on the proposal. It would ultimately be of as much advantage to ourselves as to the rest of the world.

The smouldering quarrel between Fascism and the Church in Italy burst into flame last week with the orders for the suppression of the clubs affiliated to the Azione Cattolica. But since then the Pope and Signor Mussolini have each made some conciliatory gestures, and it looks as if a compromise may be arrived at which will save the faces of both parties. We doubt, however, whether there will be lasting peace. Fundamental principles are involved, and there is deep-rooted hostility on the Fascists' side. Their ranks are full of anti-clericals—ex-Liberals, ex-Socialists, ex-Freemasons—who only accepted the Latvian Treaty and the Concordat in 1929 with great reluctance. Mussolini himself was once a violent atheist, and nobody supposes that his support of the Church was dictated by religious motives. The Fascists now consider—and they appear to have good grounds for their view—that the Church is violating the Concordat. The Azione Cattolica, they say, has taken on a definitely political character, which is non-Fascist and even anti-Fascist, and the principles of Fascism, of course, will permit no such organisation in the State. * * * *

Outsiders, who have no love for the principles of Fascismo, would feel more sympathy for the Vatican if it had behaved better to the Christian Democrats—the Popular Party led by the priest Don Sturzo—and had been less eager a couple of years ago to make unto itself friends of the Mammon of unrighteousness. Anyhow, if the Azione Cattolica is allowed to go on, we may be sure that it will have its wings clipped.